"BACK FROM THE DEAD," A STARTLING SERIAL, WILL BEGIN NEXT WEEK

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

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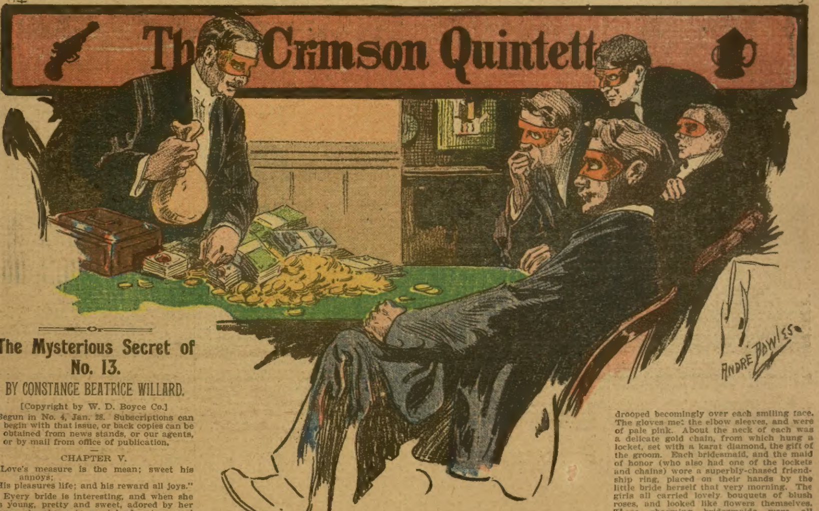

—Or—

The Mysterious Secret of No. 13.

BY CONSTANCE BEATRICE WILLARD.

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CHAPTER V.

"Love's measure is the mean; sweet his annoys;
His pleasures life; and his reward all joys."

Every bride is interesting, and when she is young, pretty and sweet, adored by her lover, she shows to special advantage, and so it was with gentle Clarissa Wellsley. Always very attractive, since her engagement she had blossomed forth into such loveliness as astonished all, and made Bronson Livingstone more than ever her slave, although he would have loved her just as dearly had she lost every tittle of her beauty, for he loved the girl herself. Mr. Wellsley beamed with pride and affection, and Mrs. Wellsley never tired of singing the praises of her prospective son-in-law, while Charlie made a hero of the tall man with his engaging manners and pleasant way of treating the unfledged boy as his equal.

With full permission, Bronson had introduced his four friends, and was delighted to see how charmed they were with his future bride.

"I didn't think, Bront, there was a woman worthy of you, but I see there is," Geoffrey said earnestly, and Bronson only pressed his hand.

Grigsby gave him a warm smile and a poke in the ribs, as he wheezed:

"You always get the best of everything."

Hugh Badly looked melancholy as he asked if there wasn't another member of the family handy, and Tom Hazleton wrote about a yard of poetry about her, but begged Bronson not to show it.

Clarissa was as pleased with them, and talked about the four friends of her lover, to whoever would listen.

"They are so different, Bronson, dear, and yet all so nice," she said delightedly, sitting beside him, and stroking his coat sleeve in her own pretty, childish fashion.

"I am so glad you like them," the man replied, stooping his head and pressing a kiss on the little fingers.

"They seem so devoted to you I could not help it," Clarissa continued, laying her head on his shoulder, and smiling up at him confidingly.

"They are devoted. It pleases me that you are willing to have them as ushers."

"How could I object? The girls like them, too, and so every one is pleased all round," and Clarissa gave a happy laugh.

Bronson was quiet a few minutes, as he looked at the sunny little head pressing his shoulder. To him this love had come as an unexpected blessing, and he scarcely knew how to show his appreciation. At last he said, looking at her with an expression in his eyes of such complete adoration:

"I want to talk a little with you, my darling."

"Yes, dear," and Clarissa raised her head, and looked at him with her clear blue eyes.

"We have not made any plans as yet about our home."

"So we haven't," Clarissa said, with a happy laugh.

"I thought we could stay at the Auditorium Annex, or at the Chicago Beach Hotel, just as you like, dear, and arrange our home to suit us."

"That will be nice, or we can stay here," Clarissa said gently.

It made little difference where she was so he was by her side.

"Now, what I want to ask, heartsease, how and where shall we live?"

"What do you mean, Bronson, dear?"

"Just this, my dear. Do you want to be a leader in society? We have plenty of money for that or anything else. We can buy a home on the Lake Shore Drive, and you can make our home the center of the social world. My little wife can be the most-talked-of woman in Chicago. She can lead others, and be admired by thousands."

"Or what, Bronson, dear?" Clarissa asked, her eyes fixed upon his face, with her wondrously sweet smile.

"Or, my darling, we can have a nice home near this, where we can live together, welcoming our friends when they come for love of us. We can show them what true married life is, and perhaps make others happier because of our joy. You choose, love, and I will be happy with whatever suits you," and yet he looked a little anxiously at the dear face.

Clarissa did not hesitate, but, putting her arms about his neck, said softly:

"There is only one way to choose, my darling. I was not made for a society woman. I only want those I really love about me. We will have our own dear home and care nothing for outsiders," and as he caught her to his heart, Clarissa knew that she had delighted her lover as well as pleased herself.

"You never fail me in anything, my heartsease," Bronson cried. "Sometimes I tremble. You are too perfect, too sweet and good. I fear I will not be able to keep you with me," but Clarissa laughed merrily, and sought to drive away such gloomy thoughts by her tenderness and womanly tact.

As he left the house that night, Bronson Livingstone turned and looked back at the house which held his treasure. Raising his left hand—for his right has still in a sling—he said in a low, intense tone:

"If ever I cause her one pang, may God smite me in His might," and he meant it, every word; for, cracksman though he was, Bronson Livingstone was thoroughly and deeply in love, with a pure, devoted affection, which put his darling first, and longed but for her happiness and well being. Then, with a happy, exalted smile on his face, he turned and walked rapidly away, smiling to himself as he thought of his wedding day, but a week away.

CHAPTER VI.

"Strong are the instincts with which God has guarded the sacredness of marriage."

Such a merry, chattering, clear, girlish laughter and subdued giggles came from the room where the bridesmaids of Clarissa Wellsley awaited the arrival of the carriages to take them to Grace Episcopal Church, where their girlhood friend was to be married to the man of her choice and the possessor of her heart. They were all pretty, and several were beauties. The bridesmaid costume had been carefully studied out by the gentle bride, who endeavored to choose such a one as would become all, and well had she succeeded. The four bridesmaids were dressed to represent blush roses, while the maid of honor was a delicate cream rose. The bridesmaids wore pink embroidered chiffon, covered with exquisite half-opened blush roses, done in such exquisite embroidery as to seem real. The skirts were cut in imitation of rose petals, and draped over pink silk slips, and worn en train. The bodices were cut low, and filled in with tiny pink roses made of chiffon, with delicate green leaves. The picture hats were broad-trimmed, covered with rose petals of velvet and green leaves, while a shaded pink plume, a yard long, drooped becomingly over each smiling face. The gloves met the elbow sleeves, and were of pale pink. About the neck of each was a delicate gold chain, from which hung a locket, set with a karat diamond, the gift of the groom. Each bridesmaid, and the maid of honor (who also had one of the lockets and chains) wore a superbly-chased friendship ring, placed on their hands by the little bride herself that very morning. The girls all carried lovely bouquets of blush roses, and looked like flowers themselves. These charming bridesmaids were all friends of Clarissa, although one was a widow. She had been married but a month, and report said her marriage had been a sad mistake, when her husband was killed in a railroad accident. She had been but seventeen when she returned to her father's home a child-widow, and when her year of mourning had passed, took her place among her girl companions. Fern Kingston, although she had learned some very painful lessons, was one of the most beautiful of the bridesmaids, with her soft dark eyes, clear olive complexion, dusky hair, and magnificent figure. She had been assigned to Allen Grigsby, whom she overtopped by three inches, and that genial gentleman had felt his heart leave his possession when introduced, although he felt that he could not hope for her love.

The bridesmaid selected for the special attention of Tom Hazelton was a bright-eyed girl, with a great mass of hair, more resembling copper than anything else. She had a rich, creamy complexion, and her eyes changed from blue to hazel, being most often, as she frankly confessed, green. Few girls possessed higher spirits than Verna Carlton, and the somewhat gloomy Tom was won by her love of fun, although, like Grigsby, he had a poor idea of his own powers of fascination.

Hugh Badly had not admired Cora Templeton when she was introduced to him, and as he grew better acquainted with her he was not inclined to change his opinion, although she was rarely beautiful, and in her bridesmaid costume looked more lovely than ever. She was very tall and slender, with a strange, haunting face. Her hair was chestnut, with lurking gleams of gold, her complexion was clear as alabaster and white as marble, save that on each cheek was a dash of crimson. Her lips were a deep red—an unnatural red, so it seemed to Hugh—but the majority of people admired them very much.

For several years Charlie Wellsley had been madly in love with little Bessie Peacock, and she had been chosen for him, for he was one of the ushers. Bessie was only seventeen, but as bright a sprite as ever lived. As yet there was more saucy prettiness in her winsome face than real beauty, for her little nose did turn at the end; her cheeks had some freckles, although beautifully pink, and her flaxen hair was usually tumbled, curling in a way particulary bewitching to Charlie.

These four were the girls chosen by the

bride to act as her maids, and good foils they were, although she had not thought of that in selecting them.

The fifth occupant of the room was a girl about the height of the bride, dressed in cream, her costume, except as to color, being the exact counterpart of that of the bridesmaids. She was a fragile-looking girl, with warm gray eyes and black hair. All could remember when her cheek had bloomed with the roses of happiness, but when she was only sixteen the man to whom she had been engaged was drowned before her eyes, and since then she had taken but little interest in social matters. It was with some difficulty that Clarissa had induced her to act as maid of honor, but as Geraldine Foster stood there, with her cream roses in her daintily gloved hands, she thought of the gallant young fellow who was to be best man, and felt glad she had accepted. For the first time since she had seen her lover sink beneath the cruel waves she was interested. Geoffrey's young heart would have rejoiced had he known, for he was more than interested, and right then was controlling his impatience with difficulty, so anxious was he to gaze upon the sweet, melancholy face again.

The little party gathered about the white-robed clergyman, who read the service with impressiveness and dignity, and more than one was touched by the emotion in the voice of the groom as he made his responses. Clarissa did not falter, but replied bravely, her eyes fastened upon the dear face by her side, when she heard the words:

"Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." And a happiness entered her heart never to leave it.

Still like one in a dream, Bronson Livingstone passed down the aisle with his bride upon his arm, heard the whispers of admiration on every side, and did not awaken until he found himself in a carriage bound for the house of his father-in-law; then he awoke to his good fortune, and, looking down on the happy face by his side he whispered:

"Can it be true, darling?"

With tender sweetness Clarissa said, happily:

"Yes, dear, we are husband and wife," and smiled up into his eyes.

Husband and wife! He had never realized how much beauty lay in those words until he heard them uttered by his bride, and knew that to her, as to him, their marriage had been made in Heaven, as well as by the minister in that stately pile, and he could only bend his head and whisper:

"May I prove worthy of this wonderful happiness."

When these two, who were almost overcome by their reverent realisation of the dignity and sublimity of the tie they had formed, reached the girlhood home of the bride, they were composed and self-possessed, ready to bear their part in the somewhat trying ordeal of a large reception, and Geoffrey, as he stood by the side of the maid of honor, was filled anew with admiration and love of his chief.

"Did you ever see a more handsome groom or lovelier bride?" Geraldine Foster asked in her cultured tone, and Geoffrey replied with warmth:

"Never. Bronson has a bride worthy of him, and she has a husband in a million."

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CHAPTER VII.

"Vice can deceive under the guise and shadow of virtue."

Eighteen months had passed since the wedding of Bronson Livingstone and Clarissa Wellsley, and they had been filled with complete happiness for both. Not a shadow had come over their beautiful home, where the gentle wife reigned over the heart of her husband, making it seem a perfect heaven of peace and joy. She had developed mentally and physically, and was as beautiful and charming a woman as could be found in the entire city—the world, her adoring husband would have said, if asked. To their home these two welcomed the four friends of the groom, as well as the charming bevy of girls who had acted at their wedding, and their happy hearts were set in marrying off some more, for their plans had succeeded with regard to Grigsby and the charming Mrs. Kingston, who were married on the anniversary of the day which made Bronson and Clarissa one. Geoffrey and Geraldine were engaged; Charlie had a promise from Mr. Peacock that if Bessie still wanted him when she returned from boarding school, he would not object; but Tom and Hugh seemed to be obdurate. Hugh disliked Miss Templeton more than ever, as the days sped by. She was lovely enough, he did not deny, but there was something about her which repelled him, and lately he began to fear her a little, for he had discovered that she did not scruple to make trouble, if an opportunity offered.

The five partners sat together, talking over plans and discussing some new ones. Their mode of procedure was very complicated, and yet absolutely safe. Two of them went ahead, acting as traveling salesmen for legitimate houses, and doing good work. These two, one arriving before the other, went carefully over the whole ground. A plan was drawn by one, and verified by the other, of the whole place; railroads and car lines were carefully marked. Every detail was learned regarding the place of action. Both managed to get inside, and to see things not usually open to public view. One time Grigsby and Hazelton went ahead, the next time Hugh and Geoffrey. When matters were ripe, Bronson arrived after night. His cunning hands did the real work, and he hid what he could not safely carry away with him. Several weeks thereafter, sometimes a month, one would return and get the plunder. Strange as it may seem, not one felt any compunction about the work, each one being fully convinced that he had as good a right to follow such a line as any man to pursue what is generally deemed honest. As they were talking together Bronson said with indignation:

"It is cruel to raise the price of breadstuffs so. Poor people are starving now; what will they do with this new rise?"

"Bront is contemplating new charities," Geoffrey criey, laughing and pretending to look alarmed, although in reality he was quickest to respond to any call made upon his generosity.

"I think we will all have to give largely, or have our hearts torn to pieces," Bronson said sadly, while Grigsby spoke up:

"Well, what with Fern's own charities, and those to which you make me contribute, I will end in the poorhouse myself."

Hugh and Tom smiled, and the latter asked:

"Anything special you are thinking about, chief?"

Bronson sighed deeply, then replied, as he began to walk about the office, a habit of his when worried:

"No, nothing in particular. I just lose my temper when I think of the injustice of this world. Here are we five. According to the world's standards, we ought to be serving life sentences, and yet are we in any respect as bad as those who conspire to plunder the poor and helpless? We take our lives in our hands every time we go into battle; we never take from the needy, and our purses are open to every call upon them, and yet the world would draw aside in consternation and horror if it knew."

"But, my dear boy, the world does not know," Grigsby grinned, "nor will it. Say, though, Tom and I were talking the other night. How did you happen to go into this? We have often wondered."

Bronson hesitated for a moment; then, putting one foot on a chair, and leaning his elbow on his knee, he said slowly:

"Perhaps it would be difficult to make you understand exactly how I did come to it, but I'll try."

"Don't say anything unless you wish," Geoffrey said, but Bronson said, smilingly:

"It's only right you should know. I was just eighteen when I discovered that my uncle had robbed me of the small fortune my father left me. He had speculated with the money left in his charge, and I was forced to leave college."

"What college?" asked Hugh.

"Yale. I was the youngest chap in the sophomore class, and was playing on the college eleven, so it was a terrible blow. The old scamp did not express contrition, even, but appeared to think that he had the right to wrong me. I told him to his face what I thought of him, and then turned my back on my old home. I wandered about for a few weeks, but as I knew nothing about working, I began to see trouble before me. One night while I was sleeping in a barn—yes, I had come to that—I overheard two scamps speak of entering the house of an internal revenue collector and robbing him of a large sum of money he would have in his possession the next night. I listened, and resolved to warn the man. It seems I slipped on the hour, for I arrived just as they were escaping, and was arrested. They did not find any money on me, save a five-dollar bill—all I had in the world—but I had a revolver, and anyhow, for safe keeping, they locked me up. It is the only time in my life I was behind bars, and I tell you I can remember just how it felt to this day."

"Put in when you hadn't done anything?" Tom asked in amazement.

"Exactly. They refused to listen to my story—just laughed when I said I had intended giving warning. The jail was well built. In front was the house of the sheriff. The jail was two stories in height, and surrounded in the rear by a high stone wall. As the jail wasn't full, they put me in a cell on the ground floor. The windows were seven feet above the floor, and well barred. The sheriff, chief of police and a roundsman all had accompanied me, went out of the door. I made a running jump and landed in the window seat. Exerting all my strength, and it is pretty considerable, I managed to spring a bar. I then turned about and sprung the next one. While not slender, I am very supple, and managed to squeeze through that small opening. As I vaulted over the stone wall I heard the gate shut in front on the chief of police and the roundsman."

"Well, that's something like," Geoffrey cried, his eyes gleaming with excitement.

"For a week I had pretty tough times, striking across country, without money—for they had taken my last five—but I did some odd chores which kept me from starving. Finally I reached Buffalo—I came from Connecticut—and boarded a freight bound for Chicago. Half way here I was found and kicked off. I climbed on the next one and landed in Chicago before I was nineteen, absolutely starved—so hungry I was almost famished. Just after I left the freight yards I saw a man drop his purse, and I handed it to him. He looked me over, then, without as much as a 'Thank you,' he made down the street. It was a good-sized wallet, and ten minutes later I had it. That is the first and only time I picked a pocket, but I think of it with satisfaction to this day."

Bronson was again pacing the room, his color a little heightened and his dark eyes flashing.

"That money—there was five hundred dollars in the purse—enabled me to get some clothes and take comfortable passage to San Francisco. Arriving there, I tried different lines of business, but could not succeed in any. One day while working in an office at six dollars a week the combination was changed, a mistake made, and the vault closed. Important papers were in it which were needed immediately, and I offered to try my hand, for I had always been good at opening locks. Used to do it when a boy to get out when my uncle locked me up. I succeeded without any trouble, and the idea came to me that if I could work that combination successfully, why not others. Gradually my plans were formed, but I left San Francisco and went up to Tacoma. There, all alone, I robbed a bank, taking away twenty thousand dollars. I was twenty-one the very night I did it, and thus I entered my profession. Two years later I met Grigsby."

"Yes, he came across me. I was a poor failure at medicine. I hadn't a cent, and he proposed to me to join forces with him," Grigsby broke in gratefully.

"You forget to say that you cared for me in a spell of fever I had, although you did not know me from Adam," Bronson suggested, but the others looked none the less interested, and he continued:

"We were pretty successful, but we felt the need of more men, for I had studied out our present plan. At last we found Hugh and Tom."

"Dead-broke grocers, with a receiver in charge," Tom suggested, but Bronson only smiled and went on:

"They proved their worth in a month, but the combination wasn't complete until we added the Baby," and the cracksman's smile was very tender as he looked at his favorite.

"I will speak. Bront, if I ever forget what you have done for me, may my hands rot off at the wrist and my tongue drop from my mouth. You found a miserable little cuss, half starved, beaten and terrorized, a pygmy for his age, the victim of two old pickpockets, well on the road to the house of correction. You took that boy, had him carefully educated, his meager little body developed, until at eighteen he was able to join you, a man in figure if not in mind, with a heart full of gratitude and love which will only end in death," and tears actually stood in his eyes.

Bronson looked uncomfortable. "What's the use of raking all that up now, old fellows?" he asked nervously. "I thought you wanted my history. Well, I have given it to you. Now I claim that I am a much better man in every respect, more people are benefited and happier, than if I were still working in that old office in San Francisco, honest, and probably earning twelve dollars a week."

"Don't say we're not honest," Geoffrey cried earnestly. "We are honest men. I never feel a bit of compunction. No one can point to anything else out of the way in our lives, thanks to you."

"That's true. When I think of what the lives of most men are, I feel well satisfied with ours."

"I have been right about the drinking and smoking, then?"

"You bet!" came from all four.

"A clear head, no advertising our coming with smells of tobacco, nor profanity, is our motto," Bronson cried, with a ringing laugh, then added:

"I have never harmed any one except in the way of my business; I have never wronged a woman, or made one sorry she met me; I do not think I have any small vices, and if this work of ours be a big vice, we will set our upright lives against it, and try and make the world better for our being in it," and his friends readily agreed, for where he led they followed blindly, a heavy responsibility for one man to shoulder.

CHAPTER VIII.

A glorious Indian summer day in November was slowly dying, such a day as comes to Chicago as nowhere else, when the sweetest breezes are lavished and the sweetest beams bestowed as some recompense for the gloomy weather to follow, as Bronson Livingstone ran lightly up the steps leading to the home he had enjoyed for over two years, and as he reached the top the door opened and his wife's welcoming face appeared. His face grew radiant as he stepped inside and took her tenderly in his arms, the dearly-loved wife, now more precious than ever, for a new joy was promised.

With her old, sweet smile, Clarissa asked as she rubbed her cheek against her husband's arm:

"Well, sir Galahad, what news for me tonight?"

"Some which will give my Heartsease pleasure," Bronson answered, stroking the little golden head.

"You can get Tommie out?" Clarissa asked, her eyes sparkling.

"Yes, darling. Alderman Mahoney says that he will have him out on parole in a week, so your old washwoman can be happy or miserable with her precious scamp of a son once more," and the young wife was gaily caught up and carried upstairs, for she always made it a practice to sit and talk with her husband while he was dressing for dinner.

"Now, Bronson, don't put it all down to my goodness of heart," she protested, as he put her gently in a comfortable chair, "for you are just as glad as I."

Bronson gave a little whistle. "Well, dear, I suppose I am, simply because it makes you happy, but I really think the reformatory is the best place for the boy."

Clarissa smiled brightly. "Well, we will get him some honest work. I thought of sending him to The Larches—what do you think?" The Larches was the name of their beautiful summer home, on Silver Lake.

"Good plan. Do just as you wish. I turn him over to you and expect you to turn out a good article," and he shook his military brush at her playfully.

"You are so good and dear," she returned. "Really, when I think of any one just as perfect as a man can be, I immediately compare him to you."

Bronson dropped his hairbrush with a crash. "Don't Heartsease," he cried, in real pain.

"It is true. As you were my girlhood hero, so you are the perfect man of my wifely knowledge and devotion. I call you Sir Galahad because of your purity and uprightness of life. If ever there was a man in this great, wicked world who is spotless, I believe you are he," and her eyes spoke more eloquently than her tongue. For the first time in his reckless young life, biased as he was by an overwhelming sense of injustice, Bronson Livingstone regretted his criminal calling with all his heart, and felt he would gladly give every cent he possessed to stand before that wife of his with clean hands. With a face pale with emotion, he stood beside her and said brokenly:

"If you love me, please do not say such things. Little do you know your most unworthy husband," and Clarissa loved him all the more, for she deemed his feeling was one of excessive modesty.

Later, when they were seated at their perfectly appointed table, waiting on each other without servants, as was their practice when alone, she broached another subject which had lain very close to her warm, loving heart for several days.

"Bronson."

"Yes, love."

"For some time I have been wanting to offer a little thanks offering for what is coming to us." She paused, and her husband stretched out his hand and laid it on hers.

"I thought and thought, and then the other day a plan came to me. I want to build a little creche at The Larches. It need not trouble us in the least, but we can sent out there some twenty or thirty babies, and have the poor little things cared for."

"Heartsease!" Bronson cried, admiringly.

"You see, dear husband, when I think of the difference between the lot of our little one and that of so many, my heart aches. They are born into poverty, shame and neglect, the children of criminals, sometimes. Ours will be born into wealth, a perfectly happy home, and of honorable parents. Oh, Bronson, let us show God how

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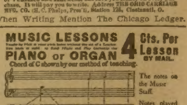
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thankful we are, and help some of His little ones."

With a buzzing in his ears, the expert cracksman listened, his face aflame; then he whispered, getting up from his seat and going around to her, that he might kiss the sweet lips which spoke so tenderly:

"We will, my angel," and Clarissa wondered at the pained expression in his eyes.

Thinking that she had in some way brought up something he did not wish to talk about, she tactfully turned the conversation, and said, joyously:

"Papa and mamma have promised to come over tonight."

"That's good," Bronson said, heartily, for he was very fond of his wife's parents.

"I told them they were getting to be regular stay-at-homes. Mamma is so excited thinking about Charlie getting married that she can put her mind to nothing else."

"Much more disturbed than over our marriage," Bronson laughed.

"Well, she so utterly approved of you, you know," Clarissa returned. "She likes Bessie, but she thinks Charlie ought to wait until he is older. She says that no man ought to marry until he is thirty. You see, she measures everything by you, just as I do."

"A bad pattern," Bronson commenced, but his wife interrupted him playfully, saying:

"I will not have you disapprove of my choice. By the way, Fern dropped in this afternoon, and she said she had just come from Geraldine. They both were talking us over and agreed that their own happiness came from copying us; so you see, husband mine, how important we are," and she gave a gratified little laugh.

"Geoff. and Gerry are as happy as they hoped, I think," Bronson said gravely, and Clarissa said convincingly:

"Indeed they are. We have only to look at their faces. Oh, by the way, Fern said that Tom and Verna are engaged at last, and that Bessie wants Verna to be married with her and Charlie."

"Good enough. Then there only remains Hugh and Cora."

Clarissa shook her head. "They will never marry," she said, slowly.

"Why, dear?"

"Hugh does not like Cora, and—I may be very wicked—but I am growing to dislike her, too, I am afraid."

"Can you dislike any one, Heartsease?" Bronson asked, as he rose to pull back his wife's chair and open the door for her, with all the courtesy, if not more, he would have shown a distinguished guest.

"Yes, I can, Bronson, when I feel that they are capable of anything small or mean. Cora is not true. She rings false, somehow, and I wish I had never chosen her as one of our bridesmaids."

"Bless me!" Bronson cried. "Our angel is turning critic."

"Then if I whisper something to you, will you keep the secret?"

"Surely."

"Hugh loved Gerry—does now, I am afraid."

"Impossible!"

"No, only too possible. He is trying to kill that love, I know, but sometimes I have seen him looking at her, especially since she married, with real anguish in his eyes.

"Poor old man, and the rest of us so happy!"

"Yes, indeed, without a single shadow in our lives," his wife whispered, not knowing that heavy one which lay over them all—that cast by the somber walls of a penitentiary.

This strange story of strange characters and remarkable deeds will be continued in next week's issue of the Ledger. Please note our offer of cameras and patterns free to all subscribers on pages thirteen and fifteen.

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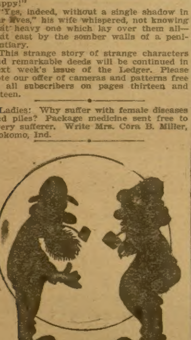

"Well, Si, I hear one uv them fellers dropped a million in Wall street last Friday."

"Yes, by gum, I wus down there huntin' fer it all day Saturday."

Laugh and Grow Fat.

Dyspepsia is claimed to be systematically cured by laughter. It is stated that a Paris doctor, in return for a large fee, admits patients into his private institution, where the mirth treatment is administered. A few dyspeptics sit around a room and begin to smile at each other.

The smile, once begun, must never be allowed to fade away. On the contrary, it must be developed by will power into a grin, and the grin must become a guffaw. Then the patients must go on laughing until their sides ache.

A course of a week or two of the treatment at the rate of a couple of hours' giggling a day is said to be sufficient to cure the worst cases of dyspepsia.

AGNES, THE INDIAN GIRL.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"An Indian girl, a real Indian girl!" exclaimed Helena Dickson, with a little scream. "Dear me! I never expected to see anything like this, even in the far West."

It was a spacious, roomy kitchen, furnished with an odd intermingling of luxury, privation and makeshift. At one end a large fire of walnut and pine logs roared up the great, cavernous chimney; at the other, two or three girls sat round a table, working worsteds by the light of a solar lamp, while Ralph Davenant, the farmer, lay fast asleep on the chintz-cushioned lounge, lulled by the continuous rushing sound of the great western river that bounded one extremity of his domains.

Guy Davenant sat near the girls—a tall, splendidly molded young Apollo of the forest, with shady, hazel eyes and hair curling in black, silky rings all over his head. He looked up quickly as Miss Dickson spoke.

"Agnes Oscawanda?" he exclaimed. "You say she's in the outer kitchen? Why don't the women tell her to come in?"

"Guy!" reproved his sister. "An Indian interpreter's daughter!"

"Helena ought to see her," urged Guy. "She's as beautiful as a statue."

"But she is old Oscawanda's daughter, and she lives down by the falls."

"What then? She is as intelligent and cultivated as nine out of ten of the girls around here. Call her in, I say, or I'll go out there myself."

Julia Davenant rose with a curl to her lip, and, opening the kitchen door, beckoned haughtily to a tall, slight figure standing by the fire beyond.

"Come in, Agnes," cheerily called out Guy, as if determined to atone for his sister's evident lack of courtesy, and Agnes Oscawanda entered, moving with the slow, willowy grace of a bending reed.

She was dark, but not darker than many a brunette of unblemished Saxon lineage, with velvety soft eyes, raven black hair, looped in heavy braids at the back of her head, and a delicate, oval face, with features straight and pure as the outlines of a Greek model. Her dress was of some dark worsted stuff, with a scarlet shawl folded across her shoulders, and a silken scarf was twisted about her hair. She hung her head with evident embarrassment at Helena Dickson's bold stare.

"I only came to bring Mr. Davenant the baskets he ordered of my father," she said, in a low voice.

"But sit down and rest a few minutes," said Guy. "You have walked a long distance."

Agnes Oscawanda hesitated. Had Guy Davenant's sisters confirmed the request, she would have gladly rested a little. But Julia and Clara sewed on, without looking up, and Helent's supercilious glance called the red blood to her dark cheek.

"No," she said, quietly, "I must go."

"Then I will walk a part of the way with you," said Guy, jumping up for his hat.

"I don't think Agnes has accustomed herself to an escort through the woods," said Julia, rudely.

"Indeed, I am not afraid," said the interpreter's daughter.

"Afraid! It isn't a question of fear," said Guy. "It's a lovely starlight night, and I would like the walk."

The three girls eyed each other as the door closed behind the Indian girl and her companion.

"Very polite to rush off and leave Helena in that sort of way," said Clara, "the first night of her visit here."

"Oh, I don't care," said Helena, giggling. "A mere matter of taste, I'm sure."

"It's just like Guy," said Julia. "Agnes Oscawanda is well enough, I dare say, but she is only an Indian girl, and it is foolish to get her into the notion of expecting the same attentions that we receive."

Meanwhile Mr. Guy was walking along the dreary forest paths with the beautiful young daughter of the Indian interpreter.

"Not that I care for Agnes, though she is pretty enough to turn any man's head," thought the willful young man, "but I'll teach those girls to treat her a little more civilly. What right have they to bully and insult her? I won't have it."

And so, although Miss Dickson had been invited to make a visit to the Western wilderness, specially to carry out a darling design of Clara and Julia Davenant, that "a match" should be struck up—or, perhaps, "ignited" would be the proper term—between her and their brother Guy, the young gentleman persisted in treating her with nothing more than the regulation civility.

"It's too mean!" said Clara, pouting.

"When Helena has such a nice little property of her own, too," added Julia.

And Helena, herself, who was getting into the sere and yellow leaf of maidenhood, curled her hair, anointed her cheeks with "rose-bloom" more vigorously than ever, for Guy Davenant was a husband well worth the angling for.

* * * * * * *

"But you'll ask Agnes Oscawanda to your picnic party, girls?"

"Indeed, we shall not!" Julia Davenant answered, with a toss of her haughty head. "An Indian girl! What would people say?"

"Then I sha'n't come to it!" said Guy, independently.

Julia burst into tears.

"Guy, you are too hateful for anything! And Helena thinks so much of the picnic!"

"Not enough, it seems, to treat a harmless, pretty girl with ordinary decency," said Guy, angrily. "She passed Agnes yesterday in the road without even speaking to her."

"Do you expect us to receive her on an equality with ourselves?"

"I do not know why you should not," was the brusque reply.

"I believe Agnes Oscawanda has bewitched you with some of her father's outlandish charms," flashed out Julia.

"Perhaps she has," said Guy, laughing. "Her father's or her own."

"Guy, it is no jesting matter."

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"Did I say it was, Miss Spitfire? Do leave me in peace a little while now."

"But Helena wants you to go with her to gather flowers and autumn leaves."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," said Guy; and he adhered resolutely to his resolution.

The day of the much-anticipated picnic came; but Guy, instead of escorting Miss Dickson down to the slope of velvet grass, shaded by superb forest trees, which had been selected as the site of the merrymaking, took his gun and started off into the woods.

"I won't be deafened by the cackle of these girls," quoth he to himself.

* * * * * * *

"Dead! Oh, father, father, he is not dead?"

Old Oscawanda, the swart-browed Indian interpreter, listened with his ear against the stalwart chest of the fallen hunter, who lay among the yellow autumn leaves, where Agnes had found him, bathed in his own blood. There had been some imperfection in the lock of the new rifle—what or where no one ever knew, but it was blown to pieces, and Guy Davenant lay like a dead man beside it.

They carried him to the little cabin beside the rushing falls of the Metarcasca, and laid him on the rude couch of the old Indian, and then he struggled his way back again to life.

"Who bound up these wounds?" he asked, with a slight shudder, as he glanced downward at bandages and wrappings, and began to comprehend the full extent of the peril from which he had so miraculously escaped.

"I did," Agnes Oscawanda answered.

"You!" His eyes rested admiringly on her calm, beautiful face. "There isn't one woman in a thousand who would have had such pluck as that. I should like to have Helena Dickson see blood without fainting away, and as for Clara and Julia—pooh!"

"Just their maneuvering!" said Julia, when she had sobbed and shrieked away her first terror at the frightful news of the accident that had happened to her brother. "Of course Agnes and her scheming old father expect to make a profitable speculation out of it. Why couldn't they just as well have brought you home?"

"They might have done so," said Guy, calmly, "but a corpse would have been all that was borne across the threshold. Oscawanda and his daughter have saved my life, and I shall never cease to be grateful to them for what they have done."

"But," lisped Helena, "mayn't we come down and nurse you, dear Mr. Guy? I am sure it would be a pleasure, and these good people, although well meaning, I dare say cannot understand the refinements an invalid so much needs."

"Your kindness is quite unnecessary," said Guy, coldly. "I have every care and attention here."

"The bold, sly thing!" said Clara, biting her lip as the three girls walked homeward again. "I saw her eyes flash triumph when he spoke."

Helena Dickson, however, decided not to give up the battle at this early stage of affairs. She determined to prolong her visit into the winter months.

"Perhaps Guy will go home with me, when he recovers sufficiently," she thought; "and in that case I can easily bring him to the mark."

For Helena had unbounded confidence in her own charms and powers of persuasion.

It was a bright, frosty afternoon in late November when Guy Davenant walked up to the door of the farmhouse, leaning on the Indian girl's arm. Julia rose to welcome him home.

"I will help him into the house now," she said, coldly staring the beautiful Indian girl in the face. "You need not trouble yourself any further, Agnes Oscawanda."

"Stop," said Guy sternly, as his sister would have motioned his supporter away. "She has the best and only right to be my side now."

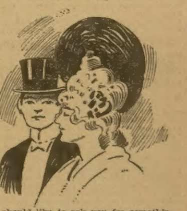
"Guy! what do you mean?" gasped Julia, scarcely understanding what significance his words were intended to convey.

"I married her this morning," he said, with quiet, exulting pride. "As my wife, she is your equal—in all else, infinitely your superior. Agnes, my pearl of the forest, welcome, a thousand times, to your new home."

And, with a sinking heart, Helena Dickson saw Agnes Oscawanda, the Indian interpreter's daughter, elevated to the position she had so vainly tried to occupy.

Truly, "Woman proposes, but Cupid disposes." The Misses Davenant had outwitted themselves, after all.

A Modest Request.



"I should like to ask you for something, it's really a very small thing."

"What is it?"

"Your hand."

Stories of Places.

Army engineering experts declare that the great canal in the State of New York will be of enormous military value in time of war. "The uses to which the canal may be put in the event of war," says Colonel Thomas W. Symons, who is in charge, "have not been sufficiently understood. For instance, torpedo boats, gunboats and all the smaller auxiliary craft of the navy may be taken from the ocean to the lakes or from the lakes to the ocean through the ditch. The tremendous quantities of supplies that would have to be moved before, during and after war, could also be transported through the same channel at a great saving of expense over the cost of transport by rail."

Australia's eucalyptus tree is being grown on a large scale in southern Europe and northern Africa because of its tendency to drain swamps. This was formerly supposed to be due to the abundant exhalation of watery vapor from its leaves, but it has been shown that actually the transpiration of the eucalyptus is only one-half or one-third that of willows, birches and other trees. It is therefore assumed that the phenomenon in question is due simply to the rapid growth of the eucalyptus.

Vienna police are about to experiment with a phonograph in taking a prisoner's answers to questions asked in the preliminary examination. This will be done in order that when the actual trial takes place there will be no dispute as to what has been said.

Ceiling Gazers.

"Young man, let your motto be 'Look up.'"

"Well, there is a time when we all look up."

"When ambition strikes us?"

"No, when we are getting shaved."

GOLD AND GLACIER;

Or, LOVE IN ALASKA.

BY FREDERICK F. OBER.

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CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

As Ben was the only member of his party acquainted with the newly-arrived, upon him devolved the duty of introducing the rest. And it was as good as a play to watch the countenances of Rothwell and Jernigan as the various names were pronounced. They scanned each face narrowly and invariably repeated each name, as if to fix it in their memories; and when at last all had gone through the form of introduction, Jernigan turned to the detective with a sneer and a snarl, and whispered something into his ear.

"Look here, Johnson," said the detective, "how's this? I thought there were six in your party when you started out. Ain't there another?"

"Certainly, Dick. We started out with six. But this is all there is left of us. Poor Hestwood! You didn't know him, I suppose? He was drowned yesterday, when we ran the rapids. That leaves us one short."

"Hestwood drowned? Then why didn't you say so?"

"Say so? Well, in the first place, we didn't know as you knew him; and in the second, we don't feel over happy about it ourselves. Death ain't a thing one likes to talk about off-hand, you know."

"Mebbe so, but you ain't so d——d innocent as to make believe you don't know what I'm up here after, eh?"

"Well, I can guess."

"And you mean to defy the law, do you? You don't mean that I shall take Kern Hestwood back with me, hey?"

"You may take him, for all me—that is, if you can find his body. That is more than we've been able to do. It's somewhere over in that black river, yonder. We'll help you search for it."

"Search! Say, Ben Johnson. You and I have known each other a good many years, and you know that when I get started after a thing I never let up till that thing comes into my bag. Now, I'm after that Hestwood feller, and, so help me God, I sha'n't go back without him, or his dead body. It'll save you a mighty sight of trouble to show me where he is, I tell you."

"And I say," rejoined Ben, hotly, "I'll see you everlastingly d——d first. I've told you his body's in that river; that's all I have to say."

"Oh, ho! Well, you needn't say any more. But his carcass ain't in the river, all right, or you wouldn't be so blamed hot about it."

"Hot or cold, it's all the same," said Ben, who now saw he had made a tacit admission of Hestwood's possible existence, and could not retreat. "If Kern ain't in that river he ain't anywhere for you to get! Sabe? We are five against you two, and I'm free to say that if he was one of the five you shouldn't have him. Put that in your pipe and smoke it, Dick Rothwell."

Ben's companions had been coming and going, one making a fire, another setting out the breakfast dishes, another bringing water, and yet another getting the things together for departure at short notice after the meal was over. But all had made visits to the tent, meanwhile, and each one had buckled on his six-shooter, and when their leader's voice rang out so defiantly they gathered around, quietly but readily, and in a manner quite unconcernedly. They had carelessly formed a ring about the trio, and Evelyn now handed Ben his revolver, saying:

"Found it in your blanket, Ben, and thought you might forget it."

"Thanks, Arthur," said Johnson, taking it and buckling the belt around his waist. "But there won't be any need of it, I reckon. What's your opinion, Dick?"

The detective was seated on a rock, with his rifle between his knees, and on another near him sat Jernigan, with one hand thrust down his boot-leg. The five friends knew well enough what his hand clutched so nervously down that capacious boot-leg; but not one of them imagined he would be rash enough to pull it out.

He sat there, half-bent over, without saying a word; only his restless eyes peering from under his slouched hat, and the workings of his mouth betraying his interest in the case. "Hit's Dick's game now, an' he's a-playin' hit. When he gives up I'll take holt myself."

That was the trend of his thoughts as he sat there so quietly.

"My opinion?" said the big detective, getting up and stretching himself, and ignoring the very pointed allusion to revolvers and that sort of thing. "Why, Ben, seems to me I smell somethin' cookin'. Ain't you goin' to give us somethin' to eat?"

"Sure's you live," replied his friend. "Mates, bring on the grub! Here, Dick, lean your rifle up against that rock. Dan, take your hand out of your boot. Looks as though you'd gone to sleep that way. And I've heard you're mighty handy with your weepons in your sleep, Dan."

"Hit's a d——d lie!" growled Jernigan. "He nacherly plum shot hisself."

Ben had rudely touched on one of the many tender spots in Dan's career, and, if the latter had found him alone he might have paid dearly for his temerity. For Dan was a man of few words, but many fights. The allusion was to a night scene in a mining camp, years ago, when two miners, one of the twain being Jernigan, had lain down to sleep together; and in the morning but one awoke, and that one was Jernigan, the other having been shot to death as he lay asleep.

Fried ham and bear steaks were the substantial articles on the breakfast bill of fare, that morning, and all hands did justice to them in a way that would have suggested to any one unaware of the real condition of affairs that they were engaged in a friendly rivalry for gastronomic honors, instead of plotting any mischief. But, though the conversation did not flag, and there was a frequent interchange of rude wit, yet there might have been noticed an undercurrent of hostility. Jernigan munched in silence, but allowing his eyes to furtively scan each face around him, and mumbling to himself over his food. His right hand, too, frequently and instinctively sought his boot-leg, and he betrayed, to the practiced eye, unmistakable signs of a desire to wreak his as yet unsatisfied vengeance upon somebody.

Nor did he seem to have great doubts as to the identity of that person, either; for Hestwood sat directly opposite, and whenever Jernigan raised his eyes from his dish they invariably met the cool, calm gaze of the slayer of his brothers.

After the meal was over and the morning pipes had been smoked, the twain announced their determination to be off. "That was a cool game you played, Ben," said the detective, taking Johnson aside. "But you held a full hand, that time, and no mistake. Still, don't think you've bluffed me, my boy. Better be on the side of law and order, Ben. It pays; and it don't pay to harbor a murderer!"

"Oh, gammon, Dick. Talk about law and order in connection with that cattle! How much do you get, Dick Rothwell, to stand in with law and order, and—the Jernigan gang? I recall, now, that forty-acre field of theirs you've been waintin' so long. I'll look up the records when I get back, and see whose name it stands in—eh?"

The detective flushed and clenched his fists. But he laughed good-naturedly, and said: "Well, Ben, I've warned you. If I don't take you and the whole party back to Seattle before snow flies, I'm mightily mistaken. So long! Come, Dan, we're off. No time to lose here."

The five helped them down with their boat, and they swung out into the current of black water and in an instant disappeared down the canyon. It was not long before they came out into comparatively slack water, and as they rounded a point the detective saw something queer bobbing about in an eddy. Steering for it, he reached over and drew it up to the gunwale, when a dead face looked up at him, with wide-open, sightless eyes!

CHAPTER X.

DETECTIVES ON THE TRAIL.

Dick and Dan had just been comparing notes on their impressions, and found themselves reasonably certain that the man who passed for Jackson at the camp was none other than Kern Hestwood.

"He suttenly do favor him," said Jernigan. "He didn't hev no whiskers when he left Edmands, an' now he's bushy's a hill pastur'; but that hain't no sign, fer he's been here over month, an' I 'low he ain't done shave hisself any. I useter know that 'ere Lem Jackson."

"So did I," said the detective, and—— But look! what's that thing bobbin' about in that eddy, there? Let's have a look at it."

"My God! It's a dead man! Pull him in, he must be the man that was drowned yesterday! But this ain't no Kern Hestwood, 'cordin' to the descriptions we git, is it?"

"No, indeedy; an' dog my cats ef it ain't Lem Jackson, fo' sure!"

"Is that so? Are you sure? If that's the case, then that other feller is Hestwood, and is just walkin' round as Lem Jackson, hopin' to cheat the gallows. But we'll land him yit, Dan; don't have any fears. But we can't do nothin' now, two ag'in' five. The only way's to make the run to Circle City, and there git the miners on our side, when Ben and his gang git thar, and scoop the whole outfit."

"Takes a d——d long time, 'pears t' me," growled Jernigan. "'Twould 'a' b'en a plum sight better ter took the law inter m' own han's an' give him a little pill behin' the ear. An' I'll do it yit, ef yuh don' hustle, Dick Rothwell, law or no law."

"But this 'ere dead man?" said Dick, anxious to divert Dan from his bloody purpose temporarily. "I'll just lay him out on the sands, with a little note on his breast, and when Ben and his mates git here perhaps they won't be su'prised, hey?"

"Wish thar wuz any sort of a place to hide out an' bushwhack 'em when they gether roun' the co'pse, Dick," said Jernigan, wistfully. "We-uns might lay out the hull outfit, ef yuh say so."

"No, no, Dan, that wouldn't do at all. We ain't got no case ag'in' any other of 'em except Kern, an' ef we should kill the others all the men on the Yukon would hunt us down, soon's they found it out. No, slow an' sure's my motto. You'll see him yit with a rope roun' his neck."

"I'll 'low it's got ter be mighty d——n soon, then, fer I'm boun' ter put in er crap er winter wheat, this fall, on thet lan' er ourn."

"You'll git it in all right, Dan, don't fret. There. How's that for an attitude? Don't he look kind of lifelike, hey?"

The detective had dragged the poor bruised body ashore and propped it up against a drift log, where it would not fail to be seen from any passing boat; then he pinned a piece of paper to the collar of the water-soaked shirt, viewed his work a moment with complacency, and, jumping into the boat, pushed off into the swift current.

We will leave them to pursue their lonely voyage to Circle City, nearly five hundred miles further on, which place they had been given to understand was the destination of the party they had left. Arrived at that rough mining camp, where several hundred miners were already assembled, Rothwell hoped to secure assistance in capturing and deporting Hestwood, realizing the futility of any other scheme than that of assassination, which would only be adopted as a last resort. As the success of their plan lay in getting ahead of the others, and in working the miners up to the proper pitch of indignation before the latter arrived, they lost no time, but sped away, with a strong wind after them and breakers of foam at the bows of their boat.

Two hours later there appeared at the mouth of the canyon the two boats carrying Johnson and his party. Clumsy and heavily-laden, they made but slow time as compared with the flying craft that had preceded them. And, as they were compelled to follow the same course, closely hugging the shore, it was impossible that the man standing in the bow of the foremost boat should not perceive the grewsome object propped up against the drift-log on the sands. So he motioned the steersman inshore, and was closely followed by the second craft. As the bows grated on the shingle, he leaped ashore and hastened to the object, reaching which he gave a great cry: "My God, mates, it is Lem!"

All tumbled out of the boats, as soon as they reached the strand, and formed a hushed, awed group about the body. Soon the note was noticed, pinned to the shirt collar, and Brown reached out and detached it. Without a word he handed it to the next, and thus it made the rounds, each man reading without comment and passing it along, until every one had read the message from the detective. It was short and to the point, and evidently inspired by malice; for it was not good policy for the detective to give his prospective game warning of the information he held, nor of his intended plans for his capture. Yet this is what the usually astute Dick Rothwell did, in these grim words:

"Mr. Lemuel Jackson's greetings to Kern Hestwood; and hopes to meet him in the other land (above or below) not very far from soon."

All looked at Kern, who was the last to read the message, and who crumpled the paper in his hand and threw it into the water.

"That shows your great detective to be a fool, Ben," he said, with a curl of his lip. "If I had found poor Lem floating in the water, yonder, while I was on another man's trail, as he is on mine, do you think I would have let that other man know of my discovery? Not much! I would have buried the body, and kept my mouth shut. It's no news to me that he knows I am with you. He and Jernigan both showed that they suspected me, at breakfast. But I'm much obliged for the warning, all the same. They may kill me, if they catch me napping—if they do!"

"Dick's a fool, that's a fact," assented Ben Johnson. "He's got sand, all right, but he's too conceited. Now, he'd rather let us know that he'd found out our little game, than to keep mum awhile and benefit by the discovery. If you can't outwit him, Kern, you haven't got the gumption I credit you with."

Kern smiled, but said nothing. He felt nothing but contempt for his enemies, they were intellectually so much his inferiors, and knew that he could easily foil them in a match of wits. But he was desirous of bringing the long suspense to a close, and if the giving of himself up for trial would accomplish this, he was quite ready. Still, he had suspicions of Jernigan's integrity, and felt assured that, if he were to place himself in his hands, he would soon dispose of him without the trouble of a trial.

The last sad offices were soon performed for poor Jackson; a shallow grave was dug, the earth heaped over him, and a head-board placed in position, with a brief inscription. Then the boats slid away into the current, sails were hoisted, and the lonely grave left far, far behind ere the sun of that day set. It was the first grave of the Yukon pioneers, though not, alas! the last. Many hundreds have seen it since, and many have breathed a prayer for the repose of him who lies beneath that mound of stones, with its rude head-board on the river bank.

The voyagers had now comparatively plain sailing before them, with only one bad rapid to run and one rough lake to cross. They made the lake that day and the next were in the broad Hootalinqua River; the next in the yet larger Lewis, reaching the Yukon proper the day following, at the site of old Fort Selkirk. They were now on the broad bosom of the Yukon, which was here a mile in width, and which maintained its even flow through this frozen land for nearly two thousand miles. Great streams, like the White and the Stewart, poured their waters into it, and at the mouths of these, and in the numerous tributary creeks, the Argonauts prospected for "color" of gold. Their destination had been Circle City, still three hundred miles to the northward; for near that mining camp gold had been found the year before, and there were promising placers in its neighborhood.

But, as Brown one day explained, they were out for gold, and they didn't care where they found it. "We'll go to Circle, boys, if we have to; but if we do we may walk right into some trap old Dick has set; for he's there, sure, waiting for us. But I believe there's gold everywhere along the banks of the upper Yukon. It's been washed out of the quart ledges for centuries and centuries, and every side stream and creek is full of 'flour' and 'cucumber-seed.'

"Now, here we are with provisions enough to last a year and more; we have our own boats and supplies. We don't care a hang for anybody, for we've got past the rough and dangerous places, and all we've got to do now, if we want to get away, is to sail down this river, and keep on sailing until we get to the sea.

"But we're not going to do anything like that, boys, are we? For we are now right in the center of the world of gold! It's all around us. Gold is here, at our right and at our left; every creek-bed is full of it, and if we only knew just where to dig, we'd get out millions of it! So let's prospect up every creek until we strike the 'color,' and there pitch our camp for the winter."

"That's the talk!" shouted all his mates. "We're here to stay, till hell freezes over, if necessary; and it'll freeze over here if anywhere, with the thermometer at sixty degrees below, all winter," said Ben Johnson; "but, boys, we're here for gold, and don't forget it!"

"For gold, and don't you forget it!" echoed his mates. They had then been afloat three days on the great Yukon, and were at the mouth of a stream known as Reindeer River. The bar at its mouth had a promising look to the experienced eye of Miner Brown, and he suggested a halt there over night until they could examine its sands and gravel. The boats were run into a hook behind the bar and made fast, while Brown and Evelyn took their pans and prospected. The others busied themselves at getting out supplies for supper, foraging for firewood and overhauling their clothing, preparatory to a bath in the stream. They longed for a time when they could leave the boats and spread themselves out a bit beneath their own roof-trees. It was not many months after that they were sighing for the boats again, as they lay helpless beneath those same roof-trees, locked in the chains of a sunless winter.

Supper had been a long time waiting, and the sound of the horn to call in the laggards had many times reverberated among the gray cliffs of the canyon, before Brown and Evelyn appeared. They carried their pans carefully, and yet danced joyously as they hove in sight, and when within earshot Brown shouted: "It's here, boys! We've got the color, and no mistake!"

Their mates went out to meet them, and they all sat down to examine the "takes." It was unmistakably there, not only "color," but most tangible evidences of flour and coarser gold, the latter in the shape of small nuggets, to the amount, in both pans, of half a handful and more.

"Hurrah for Reindeer Gulch!" shouted Southwark, tossing his cap in the air. "Shall we find out a place to land and tie up here for good, mates, or go on a bit further and come back again if necessary?"

"I think," said Brown, "though the indications are good, that we'd better keep on down-river, and come back to this if we don't discover anything better."

This opinion was also shared by his friends, and the next morning they dropped down, borne swiftly by the current, scanning the bleak shores as they floated by, for some likely opening of river or creek. They were some twenty miles below the Reindeer River when they saw, on the right bank of the Yukon, smoke curling upward—the first indications of human life they had noted on the river. Making over in that direction, they came to the mouth of a stream coming in from the northward, and rounding up inside the bar they saw a little group of miners, busily at work.

They were washing out the gravel in sluice boxes, and so excitedly earnest at their labor that they didn't know of the presence of strangers until the boat-keels grated on the stones. Then they stretched the kinks out of their tired backs and one of them yelled:

"Have we struck it rich? Well, haven't we, just! Give us some grub, and take all the gold you want! We've got it here—gold till you can't rest!"

CHAPTER XI.

THE LAND OF GOLD.

"Got any grub, boys? Here's gold for grub, weight for weight! By the etarnal, we hain't had a squar' meal for a week!"

So saying, one of the burly miners reached under his shirt and drew out a plump buckskin bag filled with gold dust, which he flung down on a thwart. "Take all you want, beauties, only give us something to eat. And, by gum! somethin' to drink wouldn't go bad—eh, mates?"

"Oh, hang your gold!" laughed Hestwood, shoving the bag back at him. "What do you take us for—peddlers? We've got four tons of stuff here; a good part of it is grub; some of it is drinkable; and if I don't mistake my chums, half of it's at your service."

"Gee whiz, pardner! That's the talk. Give us your hand, my boy. My name's Slobuck. 'Siwash Tom' 's what they call me. Been in the country nigh onto three year, and at last I've struck it rich—me and my mates there."

There were three of them, all hale and hearty fellows, but gaunt and grim with hard work and hard living. Their clothes were ragged, their picks and shovels worn nearly to the wood; but their faces were still frank and the grips of their toil-worn hands hard and honest. Typical miners, they, true as steel in misfortune, and reckless of their gold when in luck.

With the five new arrivals, there were then eight occupants of that desolate river-bed, and if the Pacific slope had been searched for a picked band of that number of sturdy, honest, outspoken and hard-hitting fellows, it couldn't have yielded better results.

They fraternized immediately, and within half an hour were gathered around a smoking diner of "canned stuff," salmon fresh from the creek, and an array of "bottled goods" around them that would have sufficed to stock an ordinary bar.

"By the great gum!" said "Siwash Tom," after he had raised a flask and permitted the contents to gush down his capacious throat, "ain't this 'ere heavenly, Jim? Ain't it jest a touch above?"

"Bet yer boots," mumbled Jim Bagsley, the one addressed, wiping his lips (for he had just drained the companion "smuggler" which Ben Johnson had thrust into his hand). "Heavenly ain't no name fer it. If I thought I'd be treated as well 's this in Heaven, blamed if I wouldn't start fer it, quick 's lightnin'."

"Hope you'd blaze a way fer me, too," chimed in the third member of the party, one Sam Ellwood. "Darned if I don't feel like a new man."

"Me, too," added Siwash. "An', speakin' of new men—fill up, mates, an' drink to 'em. It's their whisky, to be sure; but by the looks of their faces they're right glad to have us fill up on it. Ain't this the goldarnedest luck you ever did hear of?"

They all declared that it was, emphasizing their declarations with such asseverations as are peculiar to a rough and unsettled region, without the ameliorating effects of woman's presence.

"Now, boys," asked Siwash, who seemed to be the head and front of the little party, as well as the acknowledged spokesman, "where you goin', and what you goin' after?"

"Well," rejoined Ben Johnson, who was usually the mouthpiece of the five, "it don't take a very sagacious man, I guess, to see that we're bound down-river, and that we've come in for a whack at the yellow. We found a bit of color up on that creek, some twenty mile from here; but don't know 's it's as likely 's we might find further down."

"No, you're right there," exclaimed Siwash. "We prospected that gulch last year. There ain't enough to keep a pig alive."

"Well, then," answered Ben, "s'pose we've got to keep movin' till we find it. Anyway, we all hang together. It's share an' share alike."

"Come here, Sam—Jim," said Siwash, to his associates. "Come out one side a bit. I want a word with both of you. 'Scuse our privacy, gentlemen; this is a board meetin' of the company."

The three retired a few paces from their visitors, and after some ten minutes' conversation, with their shaggy heads close together, they returned to the group, each one shaking his shaggy head emphatically.

"Gentlemen," said Siwash, addressing the five newcomers; "gentlemen, if you'll 'low us to swig another drink of this 'ere prime old Bourbon, we'll ask you-all to fill up once more an' drink to a toast. Come, fill up, all! Now, boys, here's to the new Klondike Mining and Prospecting Company, eight shares only, par value a million dollars each, unlimited, and—it's goin' to be share an' share alike!"

A chorus of protests arose from the new arrivals, but Siwash calmly waved them down with a sweep of his brawny arm.

"Go slow, gentlemen. Hold yer hosses. First, drink that whisky; it's too good to spile a-waitin'. It's jest what I tell you. My pardners an' I hev concluded to give you fellers even share in this 'ere luck of ourn. You're lookin' fer gold; here 'tis. You didn't give us no cold show-down when you found us here all but starvin' to death. You didn't turn the marble heart, but the right glad hand, an' opened up in a way thet shows you're the right sort of stuff. An' by gad! gentlemen, we're that sort, too, an' it jest does us good to prove it!"

"But—but——" began the newcomers.

"Oh, to h——l with yer 'buts!' P'r'aps you don't want to divvy on the grub? If that's the case, why, jest light out, and don't wait a minit."

"No, of course it isn't that," said Hestwood, looking around upon his mates, who nodded affirmatively and told him to go on. "You're welcome to our grub so long as it lasts. Isn't that so, boys?"

"Every time!" answered they. "And nothing to pay," added Brown.

"But it is this way," continued Hestwood. "You fellows have found this creek pretty rich, probably." Here Siwash nudged his chums, and they all fell to laughing and slapping each other on the back, as though what Hestwood had said was a huge joke.

"Rich?" echoed Siwash, stuffing his huge fist into his mouth, and hitting Sam a clip between the shoulders. "Rich? But ain't he just amusin'! Well, go on, my friend. You was a-sayin'——"

"I was about to say," rejoined Hestwood, half angry at these uncouth interruptions, "that you probably had struck it pretty rich here, but you've worked hard for it; while we've only just arrived and it would not be right for us to step in and take even shares in what has cost you so much time and hard work to find. Now, we aren't looking for anything remarkable, and are willing to take all the chances, and it doesn't seem fair to rob you of what belongs to you alone. There might not be enough to go around, anyway."

"Lord, but ain't he innercent, boys?" said Siwash, tipping a wink at his chums. "He's a'most as innercent as them Gov'ment sharps thet was up here last month. There was three of 'em, an' they'd been sent here by Uncle Sam's geological survey, to report on the gold of this region. It's less 'n a month ago when they struck us here, same 's you did. They was a highfalutin' lot, with instr'ments, gold-bowed specs, an' a high an' mighty way about 'em, an' they was plum sure they knowed it all. They landed right below where we was workin', and one of the sharps he come up an' asked us what we was doin' on a creek where there wa'n't a sign of color. An' we said as how we was workin' for ex'cise; didn't expec' to find any gold; an' d——d if he didn't believe it! I heard afterward that he went home an' made a report to his gov'ment that there wa'n't any sign of gold here. An' all the time, gentlemen, me an' my pardners here had nigh onto ten thousand ounces, which we'd washed out this very season!

"Yes, gentlemen," continued Siwash, chuckling, and poking his chums in the ribs, as the eyes of the five bulged out so, as he afterward said, you might have hung your hats on 'em, "yes, gentlemen, there's not only 'nough to go 'round, but there's 'nough here for all creation! We can show you twenty thousand ounces right now; but, Lord! that ain't a smell. It ain't a patch on a yaller dog, gentlemen!"

"It ain't a patch," echoed his companions, gravely, yet with pride.

"Twenty thousand ounces!" ejaculated the five, almost in a breath. "How long did it take you to get it?"

Siwash chuckled again. "Well, you may say it took us about two year to find out where it was, and jest about four weeks to wash it out. You may say eight weeks, perhaps, as the days in summer air pooty nigh double length—sun don't no more'n go down, as you know, than he's right up ag'in ready for business. Twenty hour to the day in midsummer, and less'n four hour in winter, as you'll soon find out. Well, as I wus sayin', we struck a pay streak, over there in the gulch, and the way we swiped the nuggets was a caution!"

"D——d ef it wasn't!" affirmed his chums, most fervently. "It was jest a caution tew snakes, the way them yeller fellers tumbled out, hey?"

"Then," demanded Brown, "you three took out nearly a quarter million dollars in less than a month?" He and his friends were gazing wonderingly at their new acquaintances, as if to ask whether or not they were indulging in a little fun at their expense. But all three were now as grave as judges at a murder trial. Jim and Sam nodded their heads vigorously as their spokesman rejoined:

"That's about the size of it, pardner, near's we ken reckon."

"An' there's more in sight?"

"More? Man alive, there's enough to buy up the hull United States!"

"And yet you freely admit us five into partnership with you, when in time you might scoop the whole placer?"

"Well, you see, we ain't no hogs. We know when we're well off. It ain't all on 'count of us lovin' you fellers so much as 'tis on 'count of ther grub. If you hadn't came along we'd 'a' had to knock off an' go down to Circle for supplies, an' wouldn't hev got back till spring opened, next May or June. An' thet would knock us out of the hull winter's work; an' nine months is too much to lose, you bet!"

"Too much to lose, you bet!" echoed Sam and Jim.

"But, say," said Evelyn, "do you mean that you can work all winter? I thought you said, Brown, that we should have to den up when winter came, like bears in a hollow tree?"

"Thet's what they useter do," said Siwash, "when he wus up in these diggins, p'r'aps; but now we put in all the time workin' we useter be sleepin'. But no matter now, tell you 'bout that later. So it's a go, is it? You'll jine with us, fer better 'n' fer wuss, an' go snacks on the hull blasted layout, divvy up next spring, and light out?"

"Why, yes," answered Hestwood for his party, "if you, knowing all the circumstances, still persist in taking the risks."

"Oh, that's all right, ain't it, mates?"

"Right you are," remarked the chums, with a show of enthusiasm.

"Then let's licker up ag'in, jest fer a clincher. Well, here's to the skin off yer noses, my hearties! Here's to a million apiece, not a cent less, by this time next summer! An' it's more, ruther'n less, or Siwash's a liar—eh, mates?"

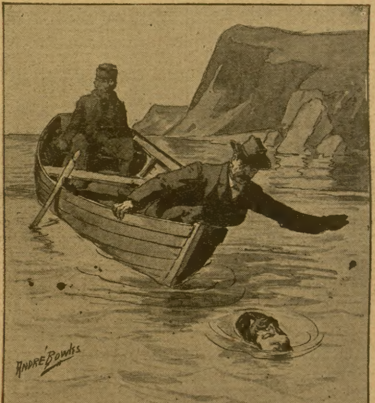
"Sure's preachin'," rejoined Sam and Jim. "He's a liar from 'way back."

"Then that's settled," continued Siwash. "But it ain't here we're goin' ter stake out our claims. It was jest luck—jest the goldurnedest piece of bull luck—thet you found up down here. The real thing, the simon-pure article—'s up a side creek which we've named Bonanza Gulch. It'll take us the rest of to-day to clean up the gravel here in our boxes, an' meanwhile s'posen you-all paddle up the creek a bit an' anchor at the mouth of the Bonanza. When we git through we'll jine you, if that suits your plans, gentlemen."

"Why can't we turn to and help you here awhile, first," said Brown, "and then we'll all go up together."

"Dead to rights you are," rejoined Siwash, with a pleased grin. "An' it'll be a good lesson fer the greenies to begin with sluicin'. So we won't make no bones about it."

The kinks in his back had all gone to his head, Siwash declared, as they returned to their interrupted employment. At any rate, he was only too glad to allow Kern to shovel the gravel into his sluice box, while he sat on a rock and wondered at the duplication of the shovel itself. "Ther' wuz only one—hic—shov'l, s'help me Bob, when we lef' it thar; but now there's—hic—two, an' this feller's a-handlin' both ter once. He's a d——d smart fell'r, ain' he—hic—Sam?"



"My God! It's a dead man."

CHAPTER XII.

BONANZA GULCH.

The finding of gold on Bonanza Creek is now a matter of history, and ranks with the discovery of that famous nugget, by Marshall, in January, 1848, which led to the California excitement, and the subsequent rush to Australia in '51. Where our adventurers held their first confab with Siwash and his companions, late in August, 1896, a mushroom city has reared its walls, staked lots and run out streets and avenues. Where solitude then reigned, broken only by the howl of the wolf or the dogs of the Indians, come to this river to fish for salmon, now thousands of miners congregate, hundreds of houses line the thronging streets, and music halls, saloons and gambling hells are run "wide open" all the time. Less than a year witnessed this change from wilderness to teeming city.

The Klondike region takes its name from the river draining it, a tributary of the Yukon, into which it empties its waters, some 1500 miles from its mouth. The word is said to be a corruption of "Throndink," or "Throndiuck," meaning a river full of fish; and as an inexhaustible fish supply it has long been known to the native Indians, who congregate at its mouth at the running of the salmon every year. When reports reached Circle City, 200 miles down the river, that rich finds had been made on the Klondike, they were at first received with incredulity; but when, after a while, it was noted that the miners who went there did not come back to winter, as heretofore, a rush for this district took place, without a parallel since the California fever of '49. Circle City, which had been founded in '94, was soon depopulated, and on the north bank of the Klondike rose the tents and shanties, huts and houses, which constitute what is now called Dawson City. Although most of its inhabitants are Americans, chiefly from the United States, yet it is on British soil, and governed by Canadian laws; while Circle City is on the Alaska side of the international boundary-line, and ruled by the more liberal mining laws of the United States.

This is the Mecca toward which have turned thousands of gold-seekers, since the steamer "Portland" sailed into Seattle, in July, '97, a veritable treasure-ship, with its precious freightage of a ton and a half of Klondike gold. Yet, as Siwash told our Argonauts, only a month previous to the promulgation of the discovery, or early in July, '96, a party of "experts," sent out under the auspices of the United States Geological Survey, had landed at the site of Dawson City, had departed none the wiser, for all their lore and prestige, and reported officially that they had discovered nothing there! This, we may remark in passing, has always been the history of gold discoveries all over the world. Some ignorant Indian or prospector, who possesses no technical learning, but who knows gold when he sees it, stumbles across a nugget or placer, and snatches the precious treasure from under the "expert's" very nose. And yet, in justice to the prospectors who, like Siwash and his chums, have spent long months and years tramping over the snow-fields of Alaska, and digging in the gulches, we should not call them ignorant, but rather bestow a tribute to their patience, their perseverance, and their sagacity. The Klondike discovery was not the result of blind luck, by any means, but the outcome of long-continued and well-directed effort.

"Easy come, easy go," has its complement in "hard-earned, hard to hold." For what Siwash and his two chums had prospected during the intolerable heats of the short summers, worn almost to decrepitude by heavy packs, and goaded to frenzy by the swarming gnats and mosquitoes; for that which they had patiently endured the terrible cold of the nine-months' winters, and finally had found and torn with agonizing labor from the frozen earth—for a share of this, their priceless possession—they were ready to accept in exchange the provisions and partnership of the five newcomers.

Still, there was wisdom in this apparent recklessness. There is always wisdom in generosity. These hard-fisted men had learned, through toil, what close-fisted millionaires fail to perceive—the futility of accumulating and hoarding for the pleasure of mere ownership. They valued more than gold the reciprocating of a generous impulse, and good-fellowship!

"Here I am, fifty-six years old," said Siwash, as, the day succeeding the formation of the partnership, they were inspecting the projected claims on Bonanza Gulch. "I've been ten year in the country an' three year along the Yukon, an' more 'n a dozen times I've come near handin' in my checks, owin' to cold an' starvation. What I wus about to remark wus this: It's been a mighty lonely life. They will tell you, down to Circle, that I'm a 'squaw man'—that is, I tuk up with a Injun woman an' hed some kids by her—but thar ain't no company in

[Continued on Page Eleven.]

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Secretary Hay has his coat off again.

The man who courts trouble is soon married.

The more you put in a slot machine the more the owner takes out.

A bank teller is probably so called because he doesn't tell anything.

Some men wake up and find themselves famous, but the majority oversleep.

Japan has not yet been able to see a picture of itself giving up Port Arthur.

When some girls attempt to make a piano talk the nature of the remarks is something fierce.

Japan might be induced to contribute to the funds of the Russian shipbuilders who are out on strike.

What the people of the lake region really want is some system of fortification against Canada's cold wave.

France is becoming so sedate a nation that it no longer has a crisis even when a cabinet tips over.

An Irish philosopher says there ought to be a law to shut some men up before they open their mouths.

If a married man goes wrong his conscience is apt to trouble him much less than his wife's tongue.

Girls who cannot sing the old songs would probably be appreciated more if they also declined to tackle the new.

Stoessel has the advantage that no St. Petersburg committee is preparing to decorate him with a house and lot.

Germany will be entitled to congratulations if its coal strike does not develop a smug, complacent President Baer.

If Russia feels disappointed at the recall of the Baltic fleet it should pause and reflect what Japan's disappointment must be.

Secretary Morton continues at intervals to point out that you can buy a lot of battleships for less than what one war indemnity payment would cost.

However, it is not likely that they will need an extra session of Congress for the purpose of letting the tariff alone, as the regular session will do a thorough job of it.

China has not observed that some of the powers' intense anxiety to protect it from encroachment has led them to move off their own little reservations on Chinese territory.

Great Britain seems to have suffered a sudden and complete loss of memory regarding that treaty provision which calls for the evacuation of Weihaiwei when Russia steps out of Port Arthur.

UNDER THE BAN OF TLALOC;

How a Couple of Silver Fetiches Plunged Two Miners Into a Series of Amazing Misadventures.

By WILLIAM WALLACE COOK.

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CHAPTER XVII.

FURTHER DISCLOSURES.

In the torment of my mind, I fell to blaming Uncle Jerry. Why had he not taken Cliff and me more fully into his own confidence?

The aid of the idols had been invoked, as I could now understand, merely to hoodwink others who had an itch to get hold of the Spanish document. Murdock, outside the old man's door, had overheard his instructions to Cliff and me concerning the images.

Murdock had repeated these instructions to Fletcher, and Fletcher, I was prone to believe, knew all about that ancient scrap of writing. It was not difficult for Fletcher to jump at the conclusion that the two idols contained the torn halves of the old letter. In the fullness of his knowledge the inference had probably not been a difficult one to draw.

In intrusting the precious document to Cliff and me, instead of to a common carrier like the express company, Uncle Jerry's folly seemed monumental. I so stated to Fairfax as soon as I had recovered sufficiently for speech.

"Why, sir," returned Fairfax, "Jickler and Tofana are choice rascals and they would have held up a train if necessary to loot the strong box of an express company or rifle a mail-bag. They were after that letter and they intended to get it. You don't think," he added, gravely, "that Mingo has failed in his part of the work?"

The way was open for a prompt confession. But I did not make it.

"He is a much more resourceful man than I, Mr. Fairfax," I answered. "If I got through safely he ought to be able to do so. But here's another point," I went on, dextrously shifting the subject. "Why didn't Uncle Jerry make a copy of that precious document and allow us to bring the copy instead of the original?"

"My dear sir, when capitalists back their judgment with money, facts have to come from original sources. A copy of such a letter might be a fabrication, pure and simple. But this letter"—he tapped the part of it that lay on his knee—"is the real thing; there is no doubting it."

I agreed with Fairfax that the Spanish document spoke for itself.

"One copy of the first part of this letter has already been made," continued Fairfax, "and it is that that has caused all our trouble in connection with the document. Orseval was clever enough to duplicate his half before turning the original over to Pryor. From all I can learn, the duplicating was badly done so that the copy is worthless as a help to finding the mine. Orseval sent the copy to Jickler. Jickler interested Tofana, and a counter-guild was formed."

"Jickler and Tofana have no rights in the matter, have they?" I ventured.

"The right of the strong arm to get what it can and keep what it gets. That's all. I believe they excuse themselves for their crooked work by insisting that Orseval was treacherously dealt with in being persuaded to give up his half of the letter for a paltry one hundred dollars."

"Who is this man Jickler?"

"A business rival of mine; a rogue who would commit larceny, or homicide, to carry a pet scheme through to success. I have no very intimate knowledge of Tofana, but if he is as unscrupulous and resourceful as Jickler they make a good team."

"Where is Jickler's field of operations?"

"Here in New York. I believe it is his business to keep a line on me." Fairfax consulted his watch. "This room is filling up," he added, "and there is still a great deal that I wish to learn from you. You have had some exciting experiences, I'll wager, and you must tell me of them. Will you be my guest while in New York, Gaynor?"

His frequent reference to Mingo perturbed me. The manly and proper thing would have been to make a clean breast of the fate of that other idol, but I shirked a statement fraught with such momentous results.

The confession would have to be made before long—I realized that—but wherein lay the harm of a brief postponement? I accepted the promoter's invitation. After he had carefully placed the important document in his breast pocket, we left the clubhouse and walked to his lodgings.

New Yorkers, I believe, are endowed with a sixth sense of divination. Fairfax was, anyhow, and the brisk and unhesitating manner in which he gained his own particular cranny in the brownstone cliff struck me as little short of marvelous.

He let himself into the boarding-house with a latchkey and was on the point of ushering me up the stairs when the smartly-dressed maid appeared and handed him a telegram.

"It was left with the janitor, Mr. Fairfax," she explained. "If I'd 'a' seen the messenger I'd 'a' sent him along to your club."

Fairfax thanked her, opened the telegram and read its contents.

"This is unfortunate, Mr. Gaynor," said he, "for I shall have to go downtown immediately. You can walk with me as far as the elevated," he added, in a low tone, "and I will explain. Excuse me while I go upstairs and put this letter in my safe. Now that it has come into my possession I shall take no chances with it."

I sat down and waited for him, so occupied with my gloomy reflections I paid little attention to any one or anything about me. Presently Fairfax returned and I went out with him.

"As a precautionary measure," he explained, while we walked in the direction of the elevated, "I have had a detective keeping an eye on Jickler. The detective is over in Brooklyn and wires that he has something of importance to communicate and cannot leave his post and call and tell me what it is. The intelligence may have to do with your arrival in New York, or, as a remote possibility, with your friend Mingo.

"I am sorry to have to leave you in this way, but we can resume our interrupted talk in the morning. Meantime, go back to my boarding-house and make yourself entirely at home in my lodgings—front suite, second floor—you can't miss it. Here are the latchkey and the key to the rooms. Ah! my train's coming. Good-by, for the present."

We were at the foot of the elevated stairs, by then, and I could hear the rumble of a train approaching from the north. Pushing a couple of keys into my hand, Fairfax wheeled and hurried up the stairs.

I lingered where he had left me until the train halted and pulled out of the station, then I turned and walked slowly back. My conscience was finding fault with me on the score of that other idol.

The foolishness of further delay in telling Fairfax the truth came home to me with great force. What right had I to his hospitality?

I made up my mind that I would go to his rooms, write out a full account of the mishap to the other image, request him to mail me a check for $500 to the Barclay House, Chicago, and immediately take the first train west. When I reached this decision I was back at the row of brownstone dwellings and confronted with a contingency which I might have foreseen.

Fairfax's number was 215. But where was 215?

Sitting down on a hydrant I studied that row of tantalizing houses. I had been twice at the door of the one I wanted to reach and well would it have been for me if I had blazed my trail.

As I sat on the hydrant, exasperated beyond all reason, a bell somewhere chimed out eleven. The hour was getting late and it was high time I left my perch and accomplished something.

Occasionally a happy thought will come to a man's rescue at a supreme moment. One came to me then.

I hunted for numbers on the opposite side of the street and found "206" on a dimly-lighted transom. Then I zig-zagged across, counting up until I thought I had the number I sought.

"Eureka!" I muttered, as I climbed the steps to which my cleverness had brought me. The latchkey fitted the door and I passed in.

I had already been in the hall of Fairfax's boarding-house, but was so deep in thought at the time that I had paid little attention to it. This might be the one—it's general effect, at least, was the same.

"Front suite, second floor," I kept saying to myself as I mounted the carpeted stairs. Arrived at the top, I rounded the curve of the banisters and traversed the hall. A gas-light, turned low, enabled me to steer a direct course.

Behind the door, in front of which I finally came to a pause, I thought I could hear subdued sounds and smothered voices. Perhaps friends had happened in and were awaiting Mr. Fairfax's return.

My meeting with them would be awkward, but I felt that I could account satisfactorily for my presence. I tried the knob and found the door locked.

The voices and other sounds faded into silence. Either I had imagined them, I persuaded myself, or else they came from another room.

I tried the second of the two keys Fairfax had given me. It failed to throw the lock.

A chilly feeling crept through the roots of my hair. Had I picked out the wrong room? Or was that the wrong house altogether?

I was debating flight when a key rattled in the lock on the other side. I stood spellbound and waited.

The door was pulled open a few inches and a strange face looked out at me.

"I beg pardon," I stammered, "but—but——"

"Murdock?" came from the face in the door, interrogatively.

Strange how that name of ill-omen braced my nerves. Cool determination took the place of unreasoning fear.

"Yes," I muttered.

"I've been looking for you," answered the other, sotto voce. The door was pulled wide. "Come in," the man added.

I went in, and the door was closed and locked behind me.

It will be recalled that I had been confused with Murdock once before, at the hotel in Albuquerque. In chronicling that fact I gave the reader a broad hint that this was to occur a second time. We are now arrived at that point.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THROUGH THE PARTY-WALL.

"I'm Jickler." As he spoke, the man who had admitted me thrust the key of the door into his pocket and held out his hand.

I was not particularly pleased to meet Mr. Jickler, although quite anxious to learn why he had been expecting Murdock. I took his hand.

"Seen Tofana?" I asked, by way of proving that I could be trusted.

"Tofana!" exclaimed Jickler, who was a small man with carroty hair and faded blue eyes. "I thought he was to stay in Chicago? His telegram, received at noon, said he would remain there, but that he had had Gaynor shadowed. I knew that he had only you or Fletcher to send after Gaynor. I'm acquainted with Fletcher, and as I haven't met you before I knew at once that you must be Murdock."

Jickler's discernment was admirable, and I said as much.

"Where is Gaynor?" Jickler asked.

"He's out of it now," I answered, with easy assurance.

"How's that?"

"Well, he met Fairfax at a clubhouse near here and gave him the idol."

"Good!" exclaimed Jickler, slapping his knee. "Hear that, Cribbs?"

He threw the question at a davenport that was pushed out a little from a side wall.

"Sure," came from an unseen man behind the davenport. "Bully news, that. We know what Fairfax was doin', a minute ago, when he rattled the safe."

"He was putting the idol in the safe, that's what he was doing," commented Jickler, delightedly.

I deemed it best not to show too much knowledge, so refrained from saying that it was not the idol but the half of the letter that had gone into the safe.

At this moment, Cribbs, covered with dust and wearing a mason's overclothes, rose up behind the davenport and stepped around the end of it. He had a trowel and a cold-chisel in his hands. Laying these on the couch he sat down beside them and fixed his keen eyes on me.

The impression was forming in my mind that I had made a mistake by dropping that six-shooter into the Missouri River.

Apparently satisfied that I was as big a villain as I looked, Cribbs swerved his eyes to Jickler.

"The hole's big enough, Cap," said he. "I reached through and pulled a big chair in front of it, on Fairfax's side."

"Well done, Cribbs," said Jickler, nodding me to a chair and taking one himself. "The question is, shall we make sure of one idol by drilling the safe immediately, or shall we wait for this man Mingo to come along with the other and then make one haul bring in the two of them?"

"I wouldn't put off till mornin' what I could do tonight," said Cribbs. "If Tofana can't get the other idol from Mingo, what's he good for?"

"He got it once and lost it again," demurred Jickler.

This plot against the idols was growing more and more comprehensive the farther I proceeded. It was evident that Jickler and Cribbs were well informed on some things and not so well informed on others.

If Tofana was remaining in Chicago to watch Mingo, he was hung up indefinitely; and if he was hoping to recover the other idol, his expectations would sadly miscarry.

"Well," said Jickler, "we'll leave the other idol to Tofana and get hold of this one. We'll wait a little, though."

"Fairfax is out," said Cribbs. "Maybe we could open the safe before he gets back."

"And maybe we couldn't," returned Jickler. "There'd be a pretty how-d'-ye-do if he caught us at his strong box."

"The slung-shot would settle him," and Cribbs drew a murderous-loking instrument from the breast of his shirt.

It was a leather ball, about half as big as my fist, and had a strap handle a foot long. The ball swung heavily and I knew it was weighted with lead.

"You could kill a man with that thing, Cribbs," said Jickler. "I'm in this game to win, but I'm not pining for the electric chair."

Cribbs growled a disgusted oath and dropped the slung-shot near the trowel and cold-chisel.

"No," went on Jickler, "we'll wait till Fairfax comes and gets to bed and asleep. A little chloroform will do the trick for him."

Jickler took a small bottle from his pocket and laid it on the table.

I was full of conflicting emotions by this time. My propensity for blundering, so feelingly adverted to by Dr. Tofana a few days before, had tossed me pell-mell into a situation that would have been the making of a melodrama.

Not only that, but I was down for one of the actors. I don't know exactly what stage fright is, but I experienced something which might easily fall under that category.

"Suppose Fairfax doesn't come back at all," grumbled Cribbs, "are you goin' to call the job off and run the risk of havin' that hole discovered in the morning?"

"Not at all," answered Jickler. "If Fairfax isn't in his rooms by 1 o'clock, you can go for the safe."

Cribbs settled himself to wait. Jickler, from a laudable desire to make me acquainted with the ins and outs of the game, launched into an explanation of his methods.

"You see, Murdock," said he, "I made my plans to lay hold of that idol the moment I got the wire from Tofana to the effect that Gaynor had come on with it. I have had this room rented for two weeks—it's in a boarding-house next the one where Fairfax has his lodgings, with only a brick wall between us and him.

"The possibilities of that party-wall have long been in my mind. Tofana's telegram was the signal to make a breach in it, and Cribbs, here, has done the work in a praiseworthy manner. When it comes to drilling the safe, Cribbs thought he ought to have a handy boy to help him. But I felt sure either you or Fletcher would be along, and I told Cribbs so. You'll help?"

"Delighted," said I.

Cribbs grunted. "Ever do any safe-crackin'?" he asked, rolling his bad eyes toward me.

"Not recently," I acknowledged.

"You'll make a good hand to hold the bull's-eye, or handle the slung-shot if Fairfax shows up."

He pictured my abilities in a way that was hardly enticing. Yet I experienced a secret joy in having that murderous weapon fall to me.

"Lucky I had the forethought to send Tofana a duplicate latch-key," remarked Jickler.

"That was lucky, and no mistake," said I, brightly.

"You got in, all right, but what were you trying to do to this door up here?"

"I was trying one of my own keys," I answered. "I'd have been in a box if you hadn't been here."

As I was likely to try conclusions with Cribbs, I had been furtively taking his measure. He was stocky, low-browed, bull-necked and rather under medium height. I was confident of my ability to take care of him, if matters came to such a pass.

The minutes dragged by and at last the bell I had heard before struck midnight. Fairfax had not returned; Cribbs was sitting with his back to the hole in the wall, and could have heard the least noise in the other rooms.

"I don't see the use of waitin' any longer," said Cribbs, as the echoes of the midnight hour died away.

"What do you think, Murdock?" asked Jickler, appealing to me.

"I'm of Cribbs' opinion," I answered, desiring to escape the task of chloroforming Fairfax.

"That's the talk," said Cribbs, giving me an approving nod. "You've got nerve, Murdock, and I guess you'll do. I don't go much on you Western crooks, though, as a rule."

"We haven't the same field to work in that you have, Cribbs," I returned, humbly. "Our experience is limited to strong-arm work."

"Maybe you'll have to give us a sample of some of that tonight," Cribbs rejoined.

Reaching under the couch he pulled out a battered satchel and knelt beside it. Opening the satchel he drew forth a bull's-eye lantern, lighted it, carefully adjusted the wick and then worked the slide back and forth, finally leaving it closed.

"There's gas in the rooms we're goin' to," said he, "but it ain't well to use it—even with the shades drawn. This'll be better. Put the slung-shot in your pocket and come after me."

He got up, tossed the slung-shot in my direction and possessed himself of the old satchel. I caught the slung-shot and thrust it into my coat pocket.

"Better take that, Murdock," said Jickler, pointing to the small bottle on the table.

"It won't be necessary to use the chloroform, will it?" I asked.

"You can't never tell what's goin' to be necessary," spoke up Cribbs. "Put it in your clothes and come along."

"What are you going to do with Jickler?" was my next question, as I started toward the davenport.

"I'll have to stay here and keep watch on this side of the wall," said Jickler. "If anything goes wrong in this direction, I'll give a warning signal."

By that time Cribbs had shoved the couch to one side, revealing a ragged hole through the brick and mortar.

"I'm first through," said Cribbs; "you push the kit after me, Murdock."

Cribbs then got down and wriggled from one boarding-house into the other. I pushed the satchel through and squeezed after it.

If caught in such company and at such work, I doubted very much whether any explanation would have saved me a part in the responsibility. The horn of the dilemma that presented itself was to take the initiative against Cribbs; and this I was resolved to do.

It was pleasant to feel the slung-shot sagging in my coat, and to reflect that I had the bottle of chloroform.

CHAPTER XIX.

TURNING THE TABLES.

Following Cribbs and the "kit," I emerged into a small bedroom. This room, I took it, was over the first floor hall.

A light was burning dimly in a sitting-room beyond. Faint though the illumination was, I could see that Fairfax was well lodged—the furniture, carpets and curtains all being unusually luxurious for a boarding-house. Cribbs did not allow me much time for a survey.

"Draw the shades," he whispered, stooping to pick up the satchel. "Chances are that Fairfax, if he comes, 'll walk down this side of the street. If he happens to come the other side, and cross over, he'll think he drew the shades himself. If we left the curtains up, some 'un in a house across might look this way. Better to be on the safe side."

I drew the shades. When I rejoined Cribbs, he was down in front of a small safe in the sitting-room, flashing the roys of the bull's-eye over it.

"A dinky bit of hardware, that's what," he muttered, with considerable satisfaction. "I know the kind and it will come easy. Take the lantern, Murdock, and keep the light on the place where I'm at work."

I grasped the bull's-eye and focused it on the satchel, for just then he was at work on that. One by one he took out the implements of his nefarious calling, ranging them side by side on the carpet, within easy reach.

"All well?' breathed Jickler, from the hole in the wall.

Looking in that direction, I saw his head silhouetted in the opening.

"Shut up and get away from there," growled Cribbs, sharply. "We'll attend to this end of the job and you see that you attend to that."

"Just wanted to know you'd got started," answered Jickler, as he drew back.

"Too mouthy," grunted Cribbs; "he'd never do for a cracksman."

Selecting a drill from the row of tools beside him, my companion began his attack on the safe. Unfamiliar though I was with that branch of industry, I could see at a glance that Cribbs was no novice at it. Whatever I did to outwit him and Jickler must be done soon, or the safe door would swing open and the half of the Spanish letter be removed.

One expedient after another chased through my brain only to be put aside as impracticable.

Cribbs was on his knees, bending to his work; I right behind and over him, one hand holding the lantern, the other free. It would have been easy to cut the Gordian knot with a single blow of the slung-shot—easy for some other man, not for me.

Burglar and scoundrel though he was, I could not take advantage of him to the extent of using the weapon he had given me. There must be recourse to something else—to something as efficacious but less cowardly.

The bottle of chloroform presented itself for consideration and I was at once struck with its peculiar fitness for the end in view. It would be no more than poetic justice to use upon Mr. Cribbs the drug intended for Mr. Fairfax.

I listened to make sure that Jickler was fairly on the other side of the wall and set the lantern on a chair that stood near. The pencil of light fell on the exact point where my hand had thrown it, and Cribbs, absorbed in his labors, was unconscious of my initial move.

Removing the bottle of chloroform from my vest pocket, I put it into my outside coat pocket, and also transferred a handkerchief to the same pocket. Working with thumb and finger of my right hand I slipped the cork from the bottle and the narcotic spilled out over the handkerchief.

All this time Cribbs had aparently not paid the slightest attention to me. It was necessary for him to perform his task as expeditiously as possible, and he was proceeding with feverish haste.

The pungent odor of the drug I had left out of my calculations. It reached Cribbs' nostrils and I saw him start and make as though he would turn.

The time for action had come, and I went down on him with both hands clutching his throat, pulled him down on the carpet and got my knees on his breast.

It was my desire to make the struggle as noiseless as might be. If Jickler should hear it, and come on the scene, the tide would be very apt to turn.

Cribbs struggled like a fiend, clawing at me with his thick fingers and stubby nails. I had him, but I shall never forget the demoniacal fury of his face, nor the way his bulging eyes glared into mine.

Under my strangling grip his strength weakened with his breath; resistance became feebler and feebler until he straightened out and lay still. Not till then did I free the clutch from his throat, and released my hands only to take the saturated handkerchief from my pocket and lay it over his face.

There had been more noise than I had anticipated. Jickler had heard it and my heart flew to my throat as his voice reached me from the breach in the wall.

"Cribbs!"

"Well?" I answered, rising from the prostrate Cribbs and stepping toward the alcove.

Blinded by the brighter light on the other side of the wall, Jickler could see little of what was going on in Fairfax's rooms.

"That you, Murdock?" whispered Jickler.

"Yes."

"What does all that noise mean?"

"Nothing of any consequence."

Fairfax's rooms were fairly reeking with the odor of chloroform, by this time, and Jickler was keen to detect it.

"What have you been doing with the drug?" he queried.

"Nothing. I tripped over a chair and broke the bottle."

"Suppose that odor gets out into the hall and some of the other boarders detect it?" he went on, in alarm.

"The rest of the boarders are all asleep and they won't detect it," I answered. "Besides, not much of it will get into the hall."

He would have spoken further had his attention not been attracted elsewhere. A soft knock fell on the door of his room and he got up and sped softly to the entrance.

I had come quite close to the hole in the wall during my whispered conversation with Jickler. Anxious to learn more about the one who was seeking admittance, I knelt at the opening and peered through.

"Who's there?" asked Jickler, when the rap had been impatiently repeated.

"Fletcher," was the answer.

My heart thumped against my ribs and instinctively I drew the slung-shot out of my pocket. I had a feeling that I was going to need it.

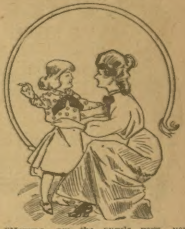
"Fletcher!" repeated Jickler, his voice testifying to his amazement. Opening the door a crack he looked out to make sure; then he drew the door wider. "Come in, Fletcher," he added. "Gad! but this is a surprise."

Fletcher entered and caught Jickler's hand in greeting. I crouched at the hole in the wall, waiting with the slung-shot.

Revelations would follow and my position was becoming precarious, to say the least.

In next week's issue of the Ledger another installment of this thrilling narrative will be offered the reader. Each subscription to the Ledger calls for a free camera or patterns as the subscriber may choose. See our announcement on pages thirteen and fifteen.

A Child's Thought.



"Mamma, are the angels very, very strong?"

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"'Cause, mamma, when they are taking you up to Heaven it wouldn't be a bit funny if they dropped you, would it?"

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A pretty girl is willing to admit that a homely girl is sensible.

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When a girl is asked to sing who can't she always explains that she has a cold.

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PERSONAL to AGENTS

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ALUMINUM TEA AND COFFEE STRAINER is made of one solid piece of aluminum. Has no joints to catch dirt and retain grease. No Kitchen Complete Without One. Light as a feather, beautiful as silver. Won't rust or wear out. Sample only 15 cts. Agents wanted. W. C. WATKINS & CO., Box 1505. Pittsburgh, Pa.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Yellowish Tinge.

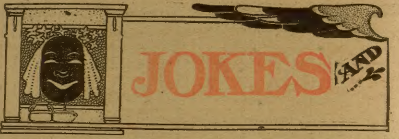
"Look here!" drawled the cross-roads kicker, "your paper is getting a little 'yellow' of late."

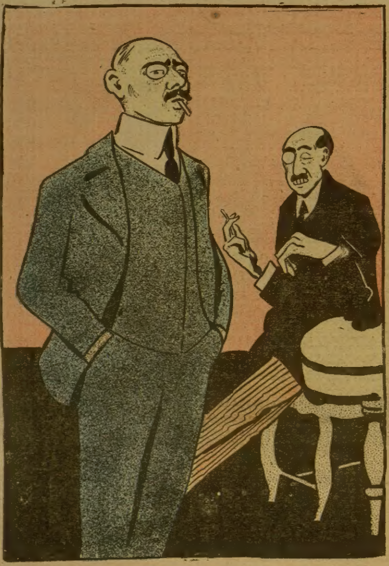
"Wal, by gosh!" replied the rural editor. "What can you expect when I'm not getting anything for subscriptions but pumpkins?"

Too Much Light.

Father—Why don't you start that open grate in the parlor.

Daughter (who has a lover)—The glare is so unpleasant.



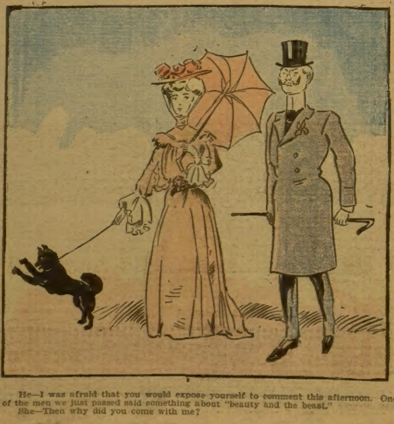


Dentist (standing)—My work is so painless that my patients often fall asleep in the chair while I am at work.

Dentist (seated)—Huh, that's nothing! My patients nearly all insist on having their pictures taken while I am at work, in order to catch the expression of delight on their faces.

Unfortunately the men who claim that the world owes them a living are not preferred creditors.

Shortly after ringing a belle the young man is apt to discover that she has a tongue of her own.



He—I was afraid that you would expose yourself to comment this afternoon. One of the men we just passed said something about "beauty and the beast."

She—Then why did you come with me?

Ladies, Preserve Your Youthful Appearance.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the fact and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results.

Send ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

Between Friends.

"My wife has just ordered one of those latest autumn gowns with mutton-leg sleeves," said the quiet man.

"I suppose that will make her look sheepish," ventured the buffoon friend.

The quiet man smiled sadly.

"No, I will be the one who will look sheepish when the bill comes in."

Mrs. Cora B. Miller of Kokomo, Ind., sends free to every sufferer a package medicine that cures female diseases and piles.

His References.

She—What did papa say?

He—He referred me to your mother.

She—And what did mamma say?

He—Oh, she referred me to you.

She—Well, I hardly know what to say.

He—Perhaps I ought to refer you to the commercial agencies.

A Fine Kidney Cure.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, East Hampton, Conn., (the Clothier), says if any sufferer from Kidney and Bladder troubles will write him, he will, without charge, direct them to the perfect home cure he used.

Just So.

"The more holidays we have the shorter our lives are," remarked the home-grown philosopher.

"How do you figure that out?" queried the party with the rubber habit.

"A holiday," answered the philosophy dispenser, "is always a day off, you know."

Trials of the Rich.

Fuzzy Fred—Say, Lew, don't youse wish you had all de silver dollars wot youse could carry?

Lazy Lew—Naw; not ef I had ter carry 'em very far.

AGENTS WANTED

TO ONE MAN IN EACH TOWN

A $10 Tailor Made latest style Sack Suit of fine all wool Cloths, to your measure FREE And an opportunity to earn $100 a month during spare hours. IT IS EASY. All we ask is to induce two of your friends to order with you. Write for complete set of samples of latest style Cloths, measurement blanks, tape and full instructions. All Are FREE. DO NOT MISS THIS CHANCE—it may mean a great deal of money to you. Address

Dept. 51, THE ROYAL OUTFITTERS,
High Art Tailoring Department
242-246 Van Buren Street, Chicago.
References:—This paper and all banks, merchants and express companies.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS WANTED in every county to sell the Transparent Handle Pocket Knife. Good commission paid. From $75 to $300 a month can be made. Write for terms. Novelty Cutlery Co., No. 23 Bar St., Canton, O.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FREE GOLD WATCH

Our watches are CORRECT in SIZE, have 14kt. SOLID GOLD LAID CASES, SUPERBLY ENGRAVED ON BOTH SIDES. AMERICAN MOVEMENT, fully warranted timekeeper, appears equal to SOLID GOLD WATCH, GUARANTEED 25 YEARS. We give it ABSOLUTELY FREE for selling 20 pieces of assorted designs in GOLD JEWELRY at 10c. each. Send address and we will send Jewelry postpaid; when sold send us $2.00 and we will POSITIVELY SEND you watch EXACTLY AS DESCRIBED by return mail. For quick work we give GOLD FINISHED CHAIN. Mention whether you want LADIES' or GENT'S SIZE. LIBERTY JEWEL CO., Dept. F 45 CHICAGO

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GET BIG MAIL Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? If so, read this advertisement very carefully. You probably know that manufacturers' supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an Agent's Directory List containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. The cost of arranging these names in suitable shape and taking care of them is considerable yet we only ask 10 cents in silver for our trouble. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. Simply enclose 10 cts. with your name and address as above stated saying you wish your name inserted in our Agent's Directory List and we will insert it in the next Directory which we are now preparing. Address

AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST, Indiana, Indiana County, Pa.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

JOLLITY
WEIR

Suspicioned.

La Montt—But how did the customs officers come to suspect that you had smuggled goods on your person?

La Moyne—Why, I was folish enough to tell my friends that I weighed fifty pounds more than when I started for Europe.

Christmas Greeting.

Eva—Dear, you should be careful not to offend that young man.

Ernie—Offend him? Why, I merely said: "I wish you many returns."

Eva—Yes, but he is sensitive on returns. He is a poet.

A WONDERFUL OFFER.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

Every reader of The Chicago Ledger should take advantage of the exceptional offer of the Talking Machine Co. Their talking machine—the Victor—took the Grand Prize at the St. Louis World's Fair and they give you every opportunity to get a genuine Victor Royal and your choice of one dozen Victor Records for $20.00, on easy terms of $2.50 a month. See their advertisement on page 6 for their address and full particulars of their offer.

Shocking.

Daughter—Don't invite my rural uncle in the reception room any more.

Mother—Did he make any bad breaks before the company, dear?

"Daughter—I should say so. When I showed him a Louis XIV. chair he asked if Louis was a good chairmaker.

I cure female diseases and piles. I will send package medicine free to every sufferer. Write Mrs. Cora B. Miller, Kokomo, Ind.

An Ultimatum.

Fond Mother—My dear, you will have to accept one of your numerous admirers soon, or we will have to buy a new carpet for the parlor.

Pretty Daughter—Why, mamma?

Fond Mother—Because the old carpet is nearly worn through in front of the sofa where they get down on their knees to propose.

Drowned It.

Rodrick—Did you ever hear Grafton eat soup?

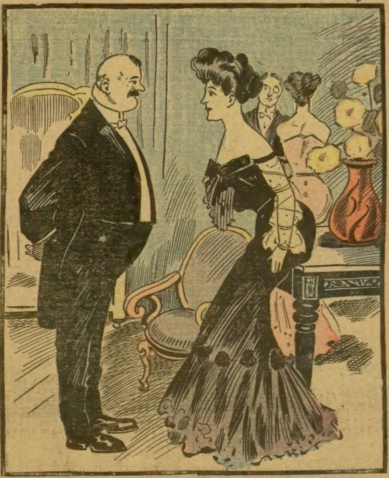
Van Albert—Never! Does he make a noise?

Rodrick—I should say so. The man in the lunchroom has to start the phonograph every time Grafton begins.

Motherly Wisdom.

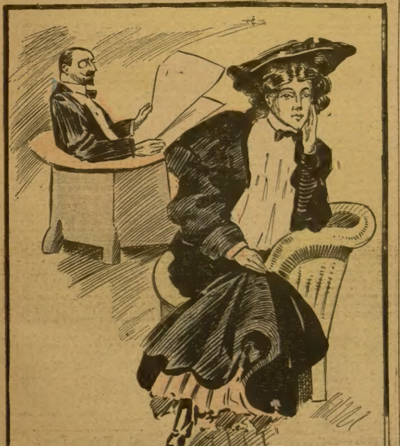
Pretty Daughter—Tom says that after we are married he is going to try his best to make my life one long dream of bliss.

Practical Mother—In other words, he is going to try to keep your eyes closed to a lot of things he does.



She—The neighbors say our baby is the image of its mother.

He—Well, my youngest, when it was an infant, was simply me all over again. I was fat and bald and it was fat, and bawled.



Mignon—Father, has Jack asked you for my hand?

Father—No, but he asked me for mine last night, anu, as I only had a pair of jacks it cost me five.

A Wild-Goose Chase.

Chappie (faintly)—Doctah, my—aw—head feels awful! Does grip evah go to the brain?

Doctor—Sometimes.

Chappie—I have pains rushin' around all ovah, in me arms, and hands, and feet, and everywhere.

Doctor—That's grip.

Chappie—What's it trying to do, doctah?

Doctor—Trying to find your brain, I guess.

Opposite.

"Mr. Griddles," said the girl with the class pin, "did you ever enjoy hearing a college song?"

"No, indeed!" assured the young man in the "cozy corner."

"Then if you never heard one we girls will sing you one."

"I did not say I never heard one; I said I never enjoyed one."

Cold-Storage Line.

"The hero was sitting in a street car wrapped up in a newspaper," repeated the author.

"Hold on!" exclaimed the publisher. "Was it a Chicago street car?"

"I suppose so."

"Then you better say he was wrapped up in a fur overcoat and two horse blankets."

The Other Thing.

"Well, Freddie," said grandma, who had just arrived for a month's visit, "I suppose your father was greatly surprised to get my telegram saying I was coming?"

"Yes, but his surprise was not as great as mother's."

"At the glad news, I suppose?"

"No, grandma, but at papa's language."

A Melancholy Air.

Miss Fingerflie (at the piano)—Why did you look so gloomy while I was playing that selection? It's real lively.

Mr. Slimpurse—That's the tune the orchestra was playing in the parlor when I settled up my hotel bill at the seaside last summer.

Asked and Answered.

"Say, pa," queried small Tommy Toddles, "why do cows give milk?"

"Why—er—because they can't sell it, I suppose," replied the old man.

She Left First.

Miles—Did Croakus leave a widow?

Giles—No; she left him about a year before he died.

AGENTS WANTED

TOILET SETS FREE!
FULL SIZE FOR HOME USE.

Toilet Sets Given Away Absolutely Free. They are made of high class china-ware, shapely in design handsomely decorated and give an air of refined elegance and tasty finish to the sleeping room. You can have a beautiful toilet set FREE. Sell only six boxes of our world-renowned remedy AMRITA PELLETS the very best medicine on earth for Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Headache, Nervous Depression and all sorts of Stomach or Liver troubles. AMRITA PELLETS sell at 25 cents a box. You can very easily and quickly sell six boxes among your neighbors. After you have sold the six boxes and collected the $1.50 send us the money and we will ship you an elegant and valuable toilet set (full size) for home use. Over one-third of your life is spent in your bed-room; make it a bower of beauty and comfortable convenience. Send name and address and the six boxes of AMRITA PELLETS will be promptly sent you charges paid. Write to-day—Don't fail. Address,
Hindoo Co. 1926 Park Ave. Dep. 51 New York.

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AGENTS—$75 per month and expenses to sell advertising signs to merchants and manufacturers. Address St. Louis Sign Co., St. Louis, Mo.

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$35.00 PER WEEK AND ALL EXPENSES to man with rig to introduce our Poultry Goods; send stamp. EUREKA MANF'G CO., Dept. U, NAVASOTA, Texas

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STARK TREES best by Test—78 YEARS. We WANT MORE SALESMEN PAY CASH Weekly
Stark Nursery, Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N. Y.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WE PAY $18 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with rigs to introduce poultry compound. Year's contract. IMPERIAL MFG. CO., DEPT. 1 PARSONS, KANS.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

DETECTIVE Our secret service men earn good money. Good men wanted everywhere. Experience unnecessary. Give age and references. Address American Detective Association, Indianapolis, Indiana

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

DETECTIVE. Private secret service pays good money; men wanted everywhere; experience unnecessary; references required. Address WEBSTER'S DETECTIVE AGENCY, DES MOINES, IOWA

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WANTED 10 men in each State to distribute samples and collect for manufacturer. Salary $75.00 per month and expenses. KUHLMAN Co., Dept. E-11, Atlas Block, CHICAGO

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$80 A MONTH SALARY And all expenses to men with rig to introduce our Guaranteed Poultry and Stock Remedies. Send for contract; we mean business and furnish best reference. G. R. BIGLER CO., X 410 Springfield, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Make Money Evenings by giving Public Exhibitions with a Magic Lantern, Stereopticon or Moving Picture Outfit. Small capital required. Illustrated Catalogue free. It tells how. McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

A FASCINATING LIFE! BE A DETECTIVE! Men and women make big pay everywhere. We teach all branches thoroughly and make you competent detectives by mail. Practical personal experience courses. Authority and success guaranteed. Send stamp for particulars. Devereux & Sutherland Detective Agency, Hartford Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 861, Detroit, Mich.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Send to-day FREE GOLD WATCH This watch has SOLID GOLD LAID CASE, engraved on BOTH SIDES, American movement, fully warranted timekeeper, equal in appearance to Solid Gold Watch, guaranteed 25 years. We give it FREE for selling only 20 handsome Jewelry Novelties at 10c each. Send your address and we will send the jewelry postpaid. When sold send us the $2.00 and we will positively send you the watch; also Gold Chain Free. Ladies or Gents size. RAND MFG. CO. DEPT. L 4 CHICAGO.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

LADIES! It will be a positive delight to you to sew with the needles in our newly imported sewing outfit and needle case, if you have been used to needles that bend and break and cut the thread. Our case contains over 100 of the best warranted German silver steel needles, bodkins, etc., of all kinds. None better anywhere. No bending, rusting, breaking, or cutting thread. Satisfaction guaranteed. Test case sent prepaid, with complete descriptive catalogue of rare bargains in imported novelties, for only 10 cents. Special wholesale and agent's prices. Address W.P. RANDOLPH & Co., 602—80 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FREE This Is Yours We are giving away GOLD WATCHES, jewelry and other valuable premiums to introduce our remedies. Send us your name and address and we will mail you four boxes of Dr. Ripley's Compound Iron Pills; sell them at 25 cts. a box and remit us the $1.00 received and we will promptly forward you without extra expense or work, the handsome Chatelaine and Pendant shown here, simulating a $20.00 SOLID GOLD WATCH American made, and guaranteed for 10 years. This is the biggest offer ever made and you will be delighted. We are an old and reliable concern and will pay $1000 IN CASH to anyone who can prove that we do not do as we say. Our pills are good sellers and we are anxious to introduce them into every home no matter what it costs us. Address RIPLEY DRUG CO. Dept. 577 New Haven, Conn.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

AUNT SARAH'S LEGATEES

BY HARRISON SMITH.

Knowlton, frowning prodigiously, bent over his desk and read again the disquieting note:

"Mr. Prentis Knowlton.—Dear Sir: We have the honor to inform you that your aunt, the late Mrs. James K. Knowlton, has named you one of the heirs in her will. We sincerely regret that we are unable to inform you of the exact nature of the legacy, owing to the rather vague wording of the will. Our late client, much against our repeated advice, refused to have the paragraph in which you are mentioned altered in any way.

"According to the will the house and all the real estate is left jointly to you and to one Constance Trent, a distant relative of our late client, to be divided or disposed of as you two shall mutually see fit.

"We fully realize the delicate position in which this places you, and the annoyance to which you are subjected by a legacy under such terms. We respectfully suggest that, if you can conveniently do so, a conference with us and an inspection of the property by you will materially aid in unraveling this tangle.

"Trusting that we may hear from you at your earliest convenience, we are, sincerely yours,
SNOW & BEMIS,
"Attorneys-at-Law."

Knowlton grunted. It was so like his Aunt Sarah to leave him property in this absurd, tied-up fashion. For a moment he was tempted to write the lawyers to give the whole estate to this Constance Trent, whoever that lady might be, and thus end the whole matter.

Then he reflected that Aunt Sarah had been a woman for whose judgment he had always had the greatest respect, and whose motives, while sometimes whimsical in appearance, were always sane and farsighted.

Perhaps, after all, it would be better to make haste slowly and at least view the property once more and find out what sort of a mortal this Constance Trent might be.

Two days later Knowlton was speeding over the Vermont hills to his newly-acquired property. It was a charming old house, built on a high hill overlooking the placid river, twisting its tortuous course along the valley. All about were sloping fields and acres of well-kept orchard.

The news of Knowlton's arrival was telegraphed to Constance Trent, in the northern part of the State, and the same wire requested her presence at an interview of the legatees in the office of Snow & Bemis.

The reply came promptly. Miss Trent, it said, would be on hand early Thursday morning.

On Thursday morning Knowlton strode into the lawyers' office. Neither of the firm was there, but seated by the window was a slight young woman, with the most bewitching violet eyes Knowlton had ever beheld. She flushed and rose as he entered.

"Mr. Knowlton?" she inquired softly.

Knowlton gasped.

"You're—you're not Miss Trent—Miss Constance Trent?" he stammered clumsily.

The young woman smiled prettily. It brought out a dimple in either cheek.

"I fear I'll have to disappoint you by confessing I am," she said.

"I'm very glad to know you, Miss Trent," he murmured. He wanted to add, "Thank Heaven, you are the manner of woman that you are!"

"Mr. Knowlton," she said, "I'm only a very distant relative of Aunt Sarah, as I always called her, and I feel I have no right to this property. That is what I came here today to tell you."

Knowlton laughed heartily.

"My dear Miss Trent," he expostulated, "that is the very thing I came here to tell you."

They both laughed merrily.

"Something must be done with it," said the girl.

"Suppose we go up to the place and decide there?" he suggested.

They went to the place that very morning, and many times after that; but no decision about the property could they reach.

Knowlton flatly refused to accept his share unless the girl accepted hers. The girl stoutly maintained that she had no right to a share in the estate.

The days went by and they argued good-naturedly, while they ransacked the house or strolled together through the orchard and across the sloping fields.

One mellow October afternoon they stood on the broad front steps looking down at the river. Knowlton had fallen suddenly silent. He gazed abstractedly at the irregular line of hills softened by the autumnal haze. Presently he turned to the girl.

"I have reached a decision in this matter," he announced. "You must keep the property—all of it—but it must be kept in the name of Knowlton."

The girl's eyes widened. A bit of scarlet crept into her cheeks.

"You understand me?" he said eagerly.

"I—I think——" she began.

"You must change your name to Knowlton," he declared gravely.

Her breath came quickly. She turned away.

"It's the only solution, isn't it?" he begged.

"It—it seems so," she faltered.

Knowlton caught her in his arms; then suddenly he held her away from him and looked squarely into her eyes.

"I'll bet dollars to doughnuts this is the very ending Aunt Sarah planned," he laughed.

"Dear, far-sighted Aunt Sarah!" she whispered.

"Amen!" said Knowlton fervently.

Overheard in the Park.

"Officer Dugan is getting more nearsighted every day."

"What now?"

"Why, he arrested the operator of a steam roller and thought it was a racing automobile."

THE BISHOP'S WIFE.

From the Sacred History of a Noble English Family.

BY MILO LUFF.

It was very early in the morning of a glorious autumn day, many years ago, that the steamer Claribel, which carried the mails between England and France, sailed into Dover harbor. The deck was thronged with a motley group of passengers—men and women from every clime and country under the sun.

In the midst of this mixed multitude might be observed two gentlemen to whom I wish particularly to attract the reader's attention. One of them was a young man apparently about twenty years of age, a youth without any distinctive traits of character, manner or appearance, to single him out as worthy of more than a passing glance. He was, however, an aristocrat of the bluest blood, being none other than the Honorable the Earl of Torquay, eldest son and heir of His Grace, the Duke of Burlington. His companion was a tall, handsome man of about thirty years of age, and of decidedly aristocratic bearing. This was the Rev. Charles Somers, a clergyman, of the Church of England, who had taken high honors at Oxford, and who was now acting in the capacity of traveling tutor to the young Earl of Torquay. They had together been making the tour of the continent, and were now returning home. The youthful Earl, who had the reputation of being somewhat of a prodigal, had been sent abroad to see life and mend his manners, and the reverend gentleman, who was already noted as a rising man, had been engaged as a sort of bear-leader, under the police cognomen of "tutor," to see that the other did not run too deeply into debt and did not fall into bad company.

There were high doings at the ancient ducal mansion, a splendid country seat situated in one of the most lovely spots in Devonshire, when the young heir returned home. Balls and parties were given in honor of the event, and universal gayety was the order of the day.

He had been absent on his travels for nearly a year, and every one remarked what they pleased to term "the vast improvement" that had taken place in his manner and appearance; and, very naturally, nobody was so delighted as the old Duke, his father, and her ladyship, his mother.

In the midst of these congratulations, it must also be observed, the tutor was not forgotten. He was very warmly eulogized by the Duchess, and the Duke whispered that he would not fail to remember with substantial marks of esteem the favor which had been conferred upon "the family" by the able manner in which the young clergyman had fulfilled his trust.

But while these pleasant events were transpiring, and all, to outward seeming, went "merry as a marriage bell," the shadow of a dark cloud arose, small at first, it is true, but threatening ere long to render nugatory all the great schemes for the young Earl's successful career which had been formed by his loving and noble parents.

That cloud took a human form in the shape of a very beautiful piece of humanity; and that piece of humanity was none other than the charming French governess who had been engaged to teach the language and manners of her native country to the two younger sisters of the Earl of Torquay—the Honorable Lady Mary and Lady Almira, a couple of little girls of twelve and fourteen years of age, respectively.

Mademoiselle Lefranc was the daughter of a Swiss gentleman of good family, but very reduced circumstances. She had, however, been brought up in Paris, and had received an excellent education. Although born in Geneva, her life-long residence in France had made her thoroughly Parisian.

France she regarded as her adopted country, and she was in every respect fully qualified to fill with success the position which she held in the ducal family. A young lady of perfect grace and beauty, witty and talented, charming in conversation and fascinating in manner, it is no wonder that long before the young Earl and his tutor returned from their travels, she had won the esteem of every one around her.

Still less can it be a matter of surprise that from the very moment when the youthful Earl first saw her, he fell desperately in love with her, and was willing to sacrifice not only his parents' favor, but his own prospects of forming a splendid matrimonial alliance, if he could only win her affections in return.

The Duchess, who was a woman of penetration, with all a mother's quick-sightedness in such matters, was not slow to discover the state of her son's heart. She was a woman of the world, too, and saw at once that this love affair must be nipped in the bud, or it would soon be altogether beyond her control, and she took measures accordingly. Having carefully watched Mademoiselle Lefranc for some little time, she became convinced that, however strong the passion might be which the young Earl had formed for her, that young lady did not as yet share in the infatuation.

The first step which the Duchess took was to call to her assistance the good graces of Mademoiselle herself. To her she stated the case in the plainest terms. The Earl's foolish attachment could not, of course, have escaped the young lady's observation. It was equally, of course, certain that he could never marry her. Nothing good could come of encouraging his boyish attentions. Would not Mademoiselle, then, confer a lasting favor on "the family"—a favor which should never be forgotten—by doing all that lay in her power to bring him to reason? The Duchess even went so far as to ask whether she had not herself formed some prior attachment which might now be openly mentioned, and thus an end be put to the young Earl's hopes and aspirations.

The latter suggestion Mademoiselle Lefranc unhesitatingly repudiated. She, however, assured her ladyship that she by no means reciprocated the Earl's passion; that she would be far too proud to wish to enter a family which looked down upon her alliance with its son and heir; and that, for her part, she would act very guardedly, and do all that lay in her power to dampen his ardor. The Duchess could ask no more.

The Earl, like most men in love, was blind to everything. The coldness of Mademoiselle Lefranc only increased his devotion, and, fearing that matters would come to a crisis, my lady took the Duke into her counsels, and husband and wife together formed a notable plan for bringing their son to reason.

Early one morning, before the usual time for the family to assemble at breakfast, the Rev. Charles Somers received a summons to attend the Duke in his library. Now, the Duke was generally a late riser, and it was seldom that he put in an appearance in the family circle before noon. It was therefore with much surprise and not a little apprehension that the young clergyman found himself called upon to attend such an unusual tete-a-tete with his lordship. He was not conscious that anything had gone wrong; his pupil had been of late quite a model of propriety and good behavior; but, nevertheless, he feared that he must in some way have given offense. Thus thinking, he very quietly descended from his own apartment, and entered the library. There he found the Duke awaiting him.

If Mr. Somers felt perplexed and diffident, his lordship seemed to be no less perturbed. After the customary greeting he said:

"I sent for you, Mr. Somers, to request your advice and assistance respecting a matter of the very gravest importance. Please be seated. The Duchess will join us in our consultation, for the honor of the family is deeply concerned in what I am about to say to you. I need scarcely add that you must consider all that may pass between us as strictly confidential. We are are well aware of your discretion and good sense, and it is, indeed, on that account we have ventured to take you into our counsels and seek your co-operation. All that is said, then, must remain a profound secret between us."

"Certainly, my lord," replied Somers; "you may depend upon it that your confidence will not be misplaced."

The Duke then touched a bell; a footman entered, and was dispatched to request the attendance of the Duchess, and in a few minutes after that lady made her appearance. She saluted Mr. Somers with a charming smile, and, seating herself in an easy-chair, prepared to take her part in the discussion.

"It was not," said the Duke, "until we had very carefully weighed this matter, and had considered it in every light and bearing, that her grace and myself came to the conclusion that you, Mr. Somers, and you alone, could aid us in our present difficulty and save our son from a mesalliance which would be the cause of considerable trouble in the family, and would be a source of great anxiety to my lady and myself."

"I, my lord!" exclaimed Somers, in astonishment; "I save the Earl of Torquay from a mesalliance? Why, I assure your lordship that this is the very first I have heard of any entanglement."

"No doubt," replied his grace. "We do not for a moment suppose that you are cognizant of the affair, but it is no less true that our son has committed himself, and were it not for the prudence and good sense of the lady in question, he would have been irretrievably lost. Let me explain.

"You must, of course, Mr. Somers, have observed the young ladies' French governess, Mademoiselle Lefranc. She is a lady of talent and refinement, as her position in the family abundantly testifies. Her parentage is good; and, but for her father's misfortunes, she would doubtless move in a position more suited to her deserts. I need hardly tell you that her personal beauty and attractions are only equaled by her modesty and purity of heart. She is, in fact, in every respect a woman whom any young man might feel justly proud to marry."

Mr. Somers felt more and more perplexed. Could they, he thought, want him to marry the young lady? And, thinking so, he blushed to the roots of his hair. The Duchess perceived his confusion and smiled graciously, while her husband continued:

"My son, sir, is only a very young and inexperienced lad. He fancies that he has fallen in love with Mademoiselle Lefranc, and we expect every hour to hear that he has secretly proposed to her, without asking the advice or concurrence of either his mother or myself. We have thought the matter over very carefully, and we have come to the conclusion that there is but one thing, and one alone, that can prevent him from breaking out into open rebellion, and that is for Mademoiselle to marry some one else. You will see at once that we could not speak to the young lady herself on such a subject as this. It has long been settled that when the boy becomes of age he is to marry the daughter of the Duke of Longmoor, and we frankly call you to our assistance, Mr. Somers, and ask—will you confer an everlasting obligation upon us by giving your aid to further our plans?"

The young clergyman blushed again, looked at his boots, then at the ceiling, and finally stammered out that he would gladly do anything that was right and honorable to assist the Duke, if his grace would only explain himself a little more explicitly.

"I knew you would stand by me," said the Duke. "You are the very man for an emergency. This is a very delicate topic, my dear sir, but necessity must be my excuse. May I ask you, without offense, Mr. Somers—have you yourself any matrimonial entanglements?"

More than ever did the clergyman blush now. His conscience, however, was clear, and with much outward calmness he replied:

"No, my lord; these things have hitherto engaged very little of my attention. I have not been in a position to offer a home to a wife."

The light was now dawning upon his mind, and the coolness of his lordship's question afforded him considerable amusement.

"But there is no reason," said the Duke, "why this should always be the case."

"None whatever, my lord," returned the tutor.

"Then, Mr. Somers," continued his grace, "I have a very serious proposal to make to you, and you must be good enough not to be offended if I speak plainly upon this most delicate topic. Have you, yourself, sir, any objection to marrying Mademoiselle Lefranc?"

"None whatever," replied Somers, "except that at present I have formed no attachment to the young lady, and it is highly improbable that she has ever bestowed a thought upon me. But," he added, archly, "perhaps your grace will consider that a matter of little consequence?"

"I will speak without reserve, Mr. Somers," said the Duke, "if you will permit me. Today my lady leaves here for Italy—for the benefit of her health. You understand me, sir? She will be absent for six months. This morning I shall have a private interview with my son, and shall insist upon him accompanying his mother. To my certain knowledge Mademoiselle Lefranc does not, thus far, reciprocate his attachment. I shall not allow him to annoy her with letters, but I shall promise that if in six months' time, when he returns, his passion still continues, and he finds her disengaged and willing, he may propose to her in form, but why, my dear friend, should it not be your care to see that she is neither the one nor the other? You are in need of preferment; and a virtuous and beautiful wife, well provided for, would be no impediment to your prospects. Your heart is disengaged. Say nothing to Mademoiselle, but think of her. And if within the period stated you win her affections, I will give her on the wedding day twenty thousand pounds, and will give you my word of honor that you shall be presented to the next really valuable preferment in the gift of the crown. You know my influence, and that I can do as I say. I say nothing of the lasting obligation which you will confer upon the family—one of the first in the peerage. My proposal may seem mercenary; but there is plenty of common sense in it. You are free, you say; and all I ask you to do is to form the friendship of a young and lovely girl, and if love should take the place of friendship, marry her. Do I ask anything wrong?"

"No, my lord, you do not," replied Somers; "but the proposition is so sudden that I should like to think over it. May I give your grace my reply this evening?"

"Certainly," said the Duke, and after some further conversation the interview terminated.

That same morning the young Earl of Torquay was closeted with his father for more than an hour, and left the ducal presence with angry words upon his lips, and with a countenance flushed and wrathful.

That same day, at noon, the young lad, contrary to the earnest entreaty of his father, proposed to Mademoiselle Lefranc, and to his astonishment was summarily rejected by that young lady.

That same evening her grace, the Duchess of Burlington, accompanied by her son, left Devonshire upon a six months' visit to the continent.

That same evening, too, Charles Somers was again summoned to the library to meet the Duke. After some preliminary conversation he said:

"I have thought the matter over very carefully, my lord, and am willing to agree to the proposition. I will not avoid the young lady's society, and should we form an attachment to each other, well and good. On the other hand, I shall request your lordship to commit to paper, and sign, the proposal which you have done me the honor to make. Should nothing come of it within the time stated, or should your wishes be accomplished and the conditions fulfilled, then that document shall be destroyed in the presence of us both."

The Duke smiled at the shrewdness of the young clergyman, but gave a ready assent.

Charles Somers kept his word. Days and even weeks passed away. He watched in silence the young governess, but was too bashful to take even the first step toward winning her affections. He felt ashamed of the part he was playing. But unconsciously to himself, while watching her, a more tender sentiment than he had ever known before sprang up in his heart. He might be silent, but his eyes told the secret which his lips dared not utter. Of course, such a mockingly mercenary story ought, if it were a romance, have but one ending. Unfortunately—or shall I say fortunately?—in real life events fell out quite otherwise, for the lady loved him in return, and when the six months had expired, and the Earl of Torquay returned to the paternal mansion, he found Mademoiselle Lefranc "mademoiselle" no longer, but the adoring wife of the Rev. Charles Somers.

The Duke also kept his word, and three months later the papers announced that Mr. Somers had been elevated to the bishopric of Littlecaster, and was now himself a peer of the realm. I am sorry, however, to be obliged to add that the Honorable Earl of Torquay blasted all the fine plans which his loving parents had formed for his welfare by marrying an actress.

Many years rolled by, and, loved and honored, Bishop Somers was promoted to other high offices in the church; a family of noble boys grew up around him, who blessed his manhood and honored his old age. Every year he accompanied his wife to the continent to visit her relations; and a nobler example of tender, conjugal affection than was presented by the bishop and his wife, whom he had so strangely won, the world has never witnessed.

Can This Be True ?

Some women carry their age quite well,
But it's a dollar bill to a dime
The reason is—it's a shame to tell —
They carry but half at a time.

His Strenuous Wife.

Oldwed—Do you use condensed milk at your house?

Newed—No; but my wife gets busy occasionally and turns out a condensed cake.

Gold and Glacier.

(Continued from page five.)

a Injun! Might 's well tek up with a stick uv wood, an' done with it. So 's I wus sayin', in this 'ere matter, so far's I'm consarned, it's pewer selfishness in me tew git you fellers tew jine us. What this kentry lacks, ez' Gen'ral Sher'dan is said to hev remarked 'bout hell an' Texas, is water an' good s'ciety. We ken git water three months in the year, but good s'ciety ain't here 'n a dog's age. Ef we could hev water twelve month in the year—er, that is, all the time—we could wash out a billion in less 'n no time. But, ef it wus offered me to hev good s'ciety all the time, er water all the time, gol-darned ef I wouldn't take the s'ciety!"

"Me, too," added Jim and Sam, slapping their thighs.

From which it will be seen that this trio of gold-bugs was inclined to be gregarious. In fact, when in their "cups"—which was subsequently and frequently, so long as the whisky lasted—they were somewhat too gregarious for comfort. The five had hitherto maintained a degree of personal cleanliness which, by comparison with the condition of the trio, was immaculate. And at first they shrunk—inwardly if not outwardly—from contact with men whose clothes were reeking with odors unbearable, and who had colonized about them insects which are, for good and sufficient reasons, under the ban of civilized society.

We are anticipating a little; but the time came when Hestwood, who was for several months the chosen companion, or partner, of Siwash, rebelled against the latter's putting his arm around his neck and, while fondly hanging on his bosom, pouring into his unwilling ear the dolorous tale of a "squaw man's" sorrows.

By right of discovery, Siwash was entitled to a claim of seven hundred and fifty feet along the creek, stretching across it from hill to hill. The same Canadian mining laws gave to each other miner a claim 500 feet in extent, measured parallel with the run of the creek, and its entire breadth. "If it wa'n't that them Kanucks reserve every other claim of five hundred feet," said Siwash, expounding the laws to his friends, "we might lay out our claims adjoinin', an' by buildin' a shanty on the line of each two claims, holt an' work the lot of eight, with only four huts. As it is, we'll set up four shacaks, with two on us in a shack, an' work the extra claims durin' the summer. It's now the last of August. Snow'll fly by fust or middle of September, an' by the last of the month everything'll be shut up 's tight 's a clam at low tide. What we've got tew do is ter build them shanties right now, four uv 'em, lay in a good stock uv wood, an' burn an' drift durin' the winter."

His word "went," and under his direction trees were felled, logs were hewn and squared, and within four weeks each alternate claim had a comfortable log hut on it, with all cracks between the great logs, and the rude chimney of hewn plank, chinked with moss and clay. Each hut was 12x14 feet, and built near the "bench" end of each claim, near the foothill. Not overmuch water ran in the gulch, at the wettest season, in midsummer, about all there was being the drippings of the great glaciers up in the mountains; and so there was little danger of a washout. The advantage of building the huts right on the claims, in the creek bed, consisted in giving the occupants a chance of working the earth, even in the coldest weather.

To each hut two members of the party were assigned, and the provisions and working implements divided as evenly as possible. Then, after the winter had set in for good, after the boats had been drawn out and housed on the bank of the Klondike, and a goodly supply of fuel laid in—to which they added, every pleasant day—the process of mining began to which Siwash had alluded.

The discovery of this process is second in value only to the finding of gold, for it enables the Alaskan miner to work nearly all the year, whereas before he could only labor three or four months in a twelvemonth—say one hundred days in all. While the short summer, with its terrible heat, when the thermometer registers sometimes over 100° in the shade, opens up the rivers and sets the streams a-flowing, still, the earth here is perpetually frozen. The dense coat of moss or sphagnum with which the surface is overlaid, prevents the soil from thawing; and even if this is removed, the sun softens it to a depth of only a few inches.

"This here ground," said Siwash, "is froze down clear to Chiny. At any rate, there ain't nobuddy ever found the bottom of frost, an' some has dug down sixty foot an' more. Howsomever, it goes down to bed-rock, an' thet's all we cares. Yer see, the way these placers was formed is this a-way: Somewhar up thar near the tops of them mount'ins there air lodes and ledges of gold. There ain't any doubt but what there is what the miners call a big 'mother vein' runnin' through the quartz, an' some day somebuddy'll strike it, an' there'll be no end uv stamps a-goin' all over these diggin's. But, ennyway, the rock about that vein, or them ledges, has decomposed, an' the glaciers an' streams has washed out lots of the gold, which has finerly settled in the creeks an' gulches. Gold, yer know, is heavier 'n stones 'n' gravel, an' so, after it's washed out uv the ledges, it don't drift far before it settles down in the beds of the streams an' creeks. The nearer yer go ter the head uv the gulch, the bigger the nuggets, ev'ry time. If I wanted tew pick up nuggets es big as quails' eggs (an' I've done it, tew), why, I'd foller this 'ere gulch right up to its head. About half way down, or whar we air, say, we shall find gold big 's kern'ls uv corn and punkin seed; down nearer the river it'll be smaller yit, an' in the Yukon there's plenty of dust, or 'flour gold', which is washed up on the bars. Them air the 'bar diggin's,' which sometimes pans out big.

"But, boys, I've prospected all along, an' I tell yew, the bulk uv the gold is banked right here! Well, that air gold was washed down thousan's uv years ago, the sharps say, an' over it all come the drift of the glaciers, so it's now buried from ten to twenty foot beneath the surface. Between us an' the bed-rock is the 'pay-streak,' an' the question is how tew git at it. It ain't no use ter try tew pick a shaft inter this airth, an' yew can't blast it wuth a cent. How, then? Well, I'll tell yer. Jim an' me found it out, by acc'dent, 's yew may say. We built a rousin' big fire, one night, in the dry bed of the creek. 'Twas a cold night, merc'ry down to fifty below, if it was a inch, an' so we jest sot up all night an' piled on the wood. Well, in the mornin', when I come to rake away the ashes, tew git some coals fer the coffee-pot, blamed ef I didn't find the airth thawed out half a foot! I ain't no fool, thet can't see through a ladder, an' I jumps up with a whoop, an' yells to Jim—didn't I, Jim?—I yells: 'Blood an' blazes!' says I, 'here's how we'll git down tew the pay-streak!' An' gentlemen, thet's how we did git down tew it!

"Burn an' drift, thet's the way. We ken dew it in the winter better'n in the summer, 'cause there ain't no water tew interfere. Burn an' drift, an' bank yer gravel ag'in warm weather, when yer ken wash it out by the box full, five hunderd dollar to the pan."

"Fact," echoed Sam and Jim, "five hunderd dollar tew the pan'

This thrilling and remarkable story will be continued in next week's Ledger, giving the reader chapters filled with dramatic situations of the very highest interest. To every one subscribing for the Ledger we are still sending cameras and patterns free as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

A FELLOW FEELING

Why She Felt Lenient Toward a Drunkard.

A great deal depends on the point of view. A good temperance woman was led, in a very peculiar way, to revise her somewhat harsh judgment of the poor devil who cannot resist his cups and she is now the more charitable. She writes:

"For many years I was a great sufferer from asthma. Finally my health got so poor that I found I could not lie down, but walked the floor whilst others slept. I got so nervous I could not rest anywhere.

"Specialists told me I must give up the use of coffee—the main thing that I always thought gave me some relief. I consulted our family physician, and he, being a coffee fiend himself, told me to pay no attention to their advice. Coffee had such a charm for me that in passing a restaurant and getting a whiff of the fragrance I could not resist a cup. I felt very lenient towards the drunkard who could not pass a saloon. Friends often urged me to try Postum, but I turned a deaf ear, saying 'That may do for people to whom coffee is harmful, but not for me—coffee and I will never part.'

"At last, however, I bought a package of Postum, although I was sure I could not drink it. I prepared it as directed, and served it for breakfast. Well, bitter as I was against it, I must say that never before had I tasted a more delicious cup of coffee! From that day to this (more than 2 years) I have never had a desire for the old coffee. My health soon returned; the asthma disappeared, I began to sleep well and in a short time I gained 20 pounds in weight.

"One day I handed my physician the tablets he had prescribed for me, telling him I had no use for them. He stayed for dinner. When I passed him his coffee cup he remarked 'I am glad to see you were sensible enough not to let yourself be persuaded that coffee was harmful. This is the best cup of coffee I ever drank,' he continued; 'the trouble is so few people know how to make good coffee.' When he got his second cup I told him he was drinking Postum. He was incredulous, but I convinced him, and now he uses nothing but Postum in his home and has greatly improved in health." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

We Offer $1,000

For a Disease Germ That Liquozone Can't Kill.

On every bottle of Liquozone we offer $1,000 for a disease germ that it cannot kill. We do this to assure you that Liquozone does kill germs.

And it is the only way known to kill germs in the body without killing the tissues, too. Any drug that kills germs is a poison, and it cannot be taken internally. Medicine is almost helpless in any germ disease. It is this fact which gives Liquozone its worth to humanity; a worth so great that, after testing the product for two years, through physicians and hospitals, we paid $100,000 for the American rights. And we have spent over one million dollars, in one year, to buy the first bottle and give it free to each sick one who would try it.

Acts Like Oxygen.

Liquozone is not made by compounding drugs, nor is there any alcohol in it. Its virtues are derived solely from gas—largely oxygen gas—by a process requiring immense apparatus and 14 days' time. This process has, for more than 20 years, been the constant subject of scientific and chemical research.

The result is a liquid that does what oxygen does. It is a nerve food and blood food—the most helpful thing in the world to you. Its effects are exhilarating, vitalizing, purifying. Yet it is an absolutely certain germicide. The reason is that germs are vegetables; and Liquozone—like an excess of oxygen—is deadly to vegetal matter.

Liquozone goes into the stomach, into the bowels and into the blood, to go wherever the blood goes. No germ can escape it and none can resist it. The results are inevitable, for a germ disease must end when the germs are killed. Then Liquozone, acting as a wonderful tonic, quickly restores a condition of perfect health. Diseases which have resisted medicine for years yield at once to Liquozone, and it cures diseases which medicine never cures. Half the people you meet—wherever you are—can tell you of cures that were made by it.

Germ Diseases.

These are the known germ diseases. All that medicine can do for these troubles is to help Nature overcome the germs, and such results are indirect and uncertain. Liquozone attacks the germs, wherever they are. And when the germs which cause a disease are destroyed, the disease must end, and forever. That is inevitable.

Asthma
Abscess—Anaemia
[illegible]
Blood Poison
Bright's Disease
Bowel Troubles
Coughs—Colds
Consumption
Colic—Croup
Constipation
Catarrh—Cancer
Dysentery—Diarrhea
Hay Fever—Influenza
Kidney Diseases
La Grippe
Liver Troubles
Malaria—Neuralgia
Many Heart Troubles
Piles—Pneumonia
Pleurisy—Quinsy
Rheumatism
Scrofula
Skin Diseases
Stomach Troubles
Dandruff—Dropsy
Dyspepsia
Eczema—Erysipelas
Fevers—Gall Stones
Goitre—Gout
[illegible]
Throat Troubles
Tuberculosis
Tumors—Ulcers
Varicocele
Women's Diseases

All diseases that begin with fever—all inflammation—all catarrh—all contagious diseases—all the results of impure or poisoned blood.

In nervous debility Liquozone acts as a vitalizer, accomplishing what no drugs can do.

50c. Bottle Free.

If you need Liquozone, and have never tried it, please send us this coupon. We will then mail you an order on a local druggist for a full-size bottle, and we will pay the druggist ourselves for it. This is our free gift, made to convince you; to show you what Liquozone is, and what it can do. In justice to yourself, please, accept it to-day, for it places you under no obligation whatever.

Liquozone costs 50c. and $1.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

for this offer may not appear again. Fill out the blanks and mail it to The Liquozone Company, 458-464 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

My disease is..............................

I have never tried Liquozone, but if you will supply me a 50c. bottle free I will take it.

....

....

....

M308 Give full address—write plainly.

Any physician or hospital not yet using Liquozone will be gladly supplied for a test.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger

Care of Royal Jewels.

The world's royal jewels are as much looked after as its secret war weapons, and stringent measures are adopted for their protection in times of both peace and war.

Take the priceless gems belonging to Nicholas II. and his family. Before the war broke out between Russia and Japan the majority of the jewels were lying about in their satin-lined cases in boudoirs and dressing-rooms, now they are stored in a monster strong room many feet below the royal palace at St. Petersburg.

Not only has the strong-room burglar and dynamite-proof doors, but it is guarded day and night by a body of army officers, one hundred strong, who, with loaded revolvers and drawn swords, are ready at any moment to repel an attack upon the treasure house.

The Shah of Persia owns more precious stones than any other monarch or commander in the world. He keeps $10,000,000 worth in a glass jar in his bedroom, but the remainder of his jewels, to the value of many millions, are locked in a huge safe at his palace at Teheran, and a body of fifty men find employment in guarding it.

Standing on the banks of the river Tiber is a curious-looking fort. Within it is a staircase which leads to an underground strong-room, bounded on two sides by the river, where jewels of Italy's king are hidden.

In the event of war the fort can be removed, and the approaches to the secret vault entirely hidden. Only the King himself and two or three of his court know precisely where the strong-room is situated.

The Bulgarian jewels are hidden in a castle which stands on the banks of the Danube. It is guarded by a small army of soldiers, but not even the officers know where the jewels, to the value of £1,000,000, are hidden.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra do not wear real gems very often. For safety's sake they wear paste jewels which are exact copies of the valuable originals. The real stones repose somewhere in the recesses of Windsor Castle, and are carefully guarded by the finest detectives of the day, who reside in the castle as ordinary officials.

The crown jewels in the Tower of London are similarly protected, but in the event of a hostile army and navy attacking our shores, they would possibly be taken to Windsor Castle and hidden in the underground strong rooms there.

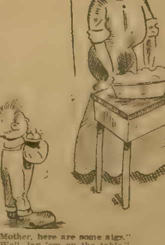
There is an old law still in force which states that those persons through whose carelessness any of the crown jewels might be stolen shall be put to death. This law, which would not be carried out nowadays, was made to prevent treason on the part of the guardians

Making Macaroni.

Macaroni, vermicelli, stellette and other paste foods originally made in Italy are manufactured from kinds of wheat which contain a goodly per cent of gluten. The flour obtained from these kinds of wheat, when mixed with water, forms a peculiar dough. In America the mixing is done by modern machinery and this operation is followed by that of mechanical kneading, which results in producing a firm, hard paste. The flour is dumped into the mixing vats by the sackful and hot water by the bucketful is added. The stirring is done by means of revolving machinery in these vats. Then the dough is rolled upon a flat surface by a large stone or iron weight, which, like the mixing machinery, revolves. The kneading operation requires about a quarter hour's time. Experienced Italians are in many factories, in charge of all the processes.

This firm, hard paste from the kneader is removed to double-cylinder presses in which it is forced downward through copper dies. On the size of these dies depend the size and shape of the finished product. Vermicelli comes from the press in mere strings or shreds. Sometimes the strips of macaroni are five or six feet long. Vermicelli may be but five or six inches in length. After coming from the presses the strips are placed on racks and then hurried away to the drying rooms. The short fancy shapes are dried and cured upon trays. Mechanical fans assist in all drying operations. Before curing the strips of macaroni are sometimes placed beneath blankets to moisten them. This keeps them from subsequently cracking in the curing room.

There is a steady increase in the demand for macaroni in the United States. This increase does not come wholly from among the foreigners, but from Americans as well, who are fast learning to like a food which has been universal among Italians for centuries. There are numerous factories in the United States using in the neighborhood of fifty barrels of flour a day in the manufacture of paste food products.



"Mother, here are some aigs."
"Well, lay 'em on the table."
"Gosh! I ain't no hen."

Free to every sufferer, a package medicine that cures all female diseases and piles. Write Mrs. Cora B. Miller, Kokomo, Ind.

Strictly Canine.

"What kind of baking do you call this?" roared the turbulent husband. "I am leading a dog's life."

"In that case," replied his wife, gently, "perhaps I would better get you some dog biscuit."

Easy to Recall.

Jack—How is it that automobile mystery stands so vividly in the minds of you girls?

May—Why, er—I suppose it's because the principal character was Mr. Hugg.

BOYS AND GIRLS CORNER

With the Ocean Terror;

OR

The Chase of a Sea Devil. By Jno. J. Rosenkrans.

[Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 2, Jan. 14. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER X.

UNDER THE ANTARCTIC.

One day Harry took his bearings and said: "We are about six hundred miles below the latitude of New Zealand. In another day's sailing we shall be well into the Antarctic Ocean."

Frank had begun to get uneasy.

"I'm afraid we are getting off the track, Harry!" he declared.

"Oh, no, I don't believe we are."

"Well, we have not seen a sign of the Sea Devil."

"That is true. However, we can only trust to luck. We have had our best success in following the currents, so far."

"That's so," agreed Frank; "but how do we know that the big chap is yet in this particular current? He may have cut across into some other, or we may have passed him."

"All this is no more than hypothesis," said Harry. "That is the best we can follow, and just what we are following."

How much further the argument might have gone it is impossible to say. But suddenly a hail came from the pilot-house in Larry's voice.

"Sure, Misther Harry, here is a sail to the windward, and is flyin' a signal av distress."

In a moment Harry was in the pilothouse. He saw the distant sail and at once changed the course of the submarine boat in that direction, putting on all speed.

Not until the disabled craft was within speaking distance was speed abated. The craft was seen to be a whaling vessel, and flew the English flag.

"Ahoy!" shouted Harry, going out on the forward deck.

"Ahoy!" came back the hail.

"What ship is that?"

"The Defender, Captain Clark, of Aukland. Who are you?"

"The submarine boat Ocean Terror, Captain Rosedale, of Rosedale, United States of America."

"Submarine boat! Do you mean to say that you can sail under water, as well as on top?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, I never!" sputtered the English captain. "You Yankees are as smart as they make them. I thought your craft was a torpedo boat."

"Not a bit of it."

"Well, we're glad to see you. We're in a bit of trouble, starboard bulwarks stove in, leaking a bit in a forward seam, and we have lost our mizzenmast and half our rudders."

"I see you are badly used up," said Harry. "Struck a storm?"

"Worse than that!" said Captain Clark. "We were sailing smoothly about two hundred miles south of here, when all of a sudden some terrible monster rose out of the sea just to windward of us. I've never seen anything in my life like it before. It wasn't neither fish nor animal. It scooted around the ship a half dozen times; then the next thing we knew it rammed for us. We veered the ship, and got a glancing blow, and I thought we'd turn turtle we went so far over on our mast ends. The critter only struck us once, but it did all this damage, and then slid away due south. We've been working for Aukland ever since, and will make it all right if we don't strike a storm."

Harry turned triumphantly to Frank and said:

"What did I tell you, Frank? Are we not on the right track after all?"

Then he informed Captain Clark that they had been chasing the Sea Devil for thousands of miles for the purpose of exterminating it.

Also, that he was not the only sufferer from its fondness for wrecking ships, and that he might thank his lucky stars that he was an exception to the general rule, and had not been sent to join Davy Jones. To all this the captain made a surprised reply, and silently congratulated himself on their lucky escape.

"Is there assistance I can give you?" added Harry.

"Under the circumstances, none," replied Captain Clark.

Then the two vessels parted. The English brig went on to Aukland, and the submarine boat headed due south for the land of ice and snow.

The weather now became bitter cold. The seas were rough and tempestuous. But this affected the voyagers little, for the submarine boat was run most of the way under the surface of the sea.

In this manner they escaped the bitter cold and also the force of the sea. For several hundred miles they kept on thus, until Harry reckoned they were not far from the Antarctic continent.

Deep-sea sailing here was attended by no little risk, for the sea was filled with icebergs and many of them extended for hundreds of feet under the water.

Collision with one of these would be a serious matter, and must not occur. So the searchlight was constantly in use, and one of the voyagers was always in the pilothouse on watch.

But upon studying the direction of the current with the nautical indicator which he had invented, Harry changed their course to the eastward. If followed straight as a die it would take them to the tip of Graham Land, but the current soon tended more to the northward.

"I tell you," declared Harry, "we shall run our game down in the South Pacific. That is where he is going, and once we track him among the islands of Oceania, we will trap him, mark my words."

"Well," declared Frank, "I certainly hope so. We have already tracked him under three oceans, and that will make the fourth one."

"So it will," replied Harry.

Steadily to the northward now the bow-shaped current made its way. The submarine boat kept steadily on. Harry knew that if the Sea Devil followed his tactics of the past he would be somewhere in this current, and sure to turn up in Oceania.

His hypothesis proved correct. After weeks of patient deep sea sailing in a northward course the South Pacific was entered. This was known by the change of marine plants and other characteristics of the sea bottoms. Also, the water grew much warmer and lighter. The forms of fish life were much different. Steadily up into Oceania the submarine boat pushed its way.

"I'm going to make straight for the Great Circular Current which follows the Tropic of Capricorn, without further regard for the Sea Devil," said Harry, "and then I will lie in wait for him. In these seas we ought to be able to bag our game easily enough."

"I should say so!" exclaimed Frank. "At least it wil be easier looking for him, and the water is not so deep."

Harry decided to follow out this plan. The submarine boat was kept on until it finally made the surface not fifty miles from Society Islands.

Here a missionary ship was met, which reported sighting a tremendous whale two days before to the southward. That this was the Sea Devil, Harry was confident.

"He is coming this way," said he. "We are here ahead of him, that is all. I only hope we shall get another chance at him." So the submarine boat began to cruise about in a circle, extending as near as possible to each edge of the north-bound current. Harry had faith that he would certainly strike the Sea Devil in this way, and his reckoning was not without logic.

Thus matters were, one night, when Larry was the only one on deck, the others being below sound asleep. The submarine boat was barely making headway, as Harry did not like to travel by night.

It was only the first half of the night, and Larry was on guard. Wool was to relieve him at 2 o'clock, and the Irishman was to retire and have his turn at courting Morpheus.

A dead calm was on the sea, and the moonlight made everything almost as plain as day. To a poetical soul, the inspiration would have been grand. Larry was even not so practical but that he thought it pretty.

"Bejabers, the sea looks like one great big bit of glass," he muttered. "Sure, an' it's a foine sight!"

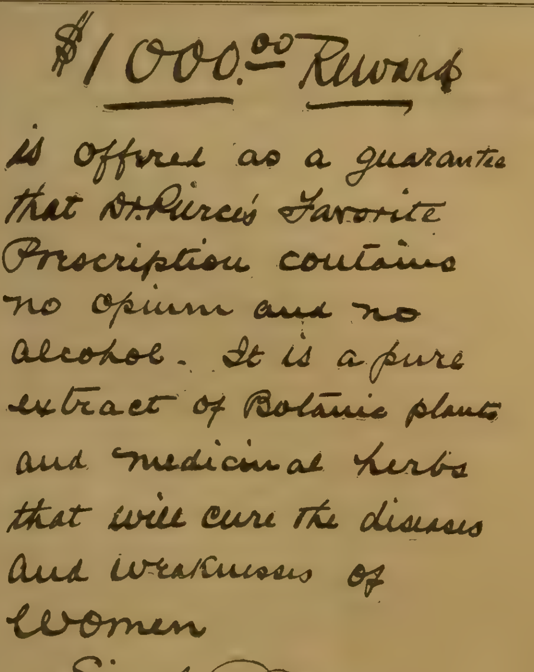
Then he fell to thinking of various things connected with home life at Rosedale, and from this came a sudden recollection of a duty he owed Wool for a practical joke played upon him three months before.

"Begorra, I'd oughter put up somethin' on that coon, but phat the divil shall it be?" he muttered.

He sat down and began to think, and finally as an idea came to him, his delight was so great that he chuckled and scratched his head until his red hair stood up like quills on a fretful porcupine.

"Begorra, that'll fix him," he muttered. "Sure, an' it'll be a foine chance."

At 2 o'clock Wool was to come on deck, and usually he was so sleepy that it was some time before he could collect his senses.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Larry relied mainly on this fact for the success of his trick.

First he lashed the boat's wheel. As there was no wind, it was perfectly safe to do this. Then he brought a couple of fine wires from the dynamos and connected them with the spokes of the wheel.

He did not charge them heavily, to be sure, but yet heavily enough for his purpose. Then he crept cautiously down into the cabin and into Wool's stateroom.

The darkey was sound asleep, and snoring. His clothes hung from a peg, and so did his cap. Larry took the cap and doused a handful of cayenne pepper into it and crept back to the deck.

Now it happened that Larry always called Wool to relieve him by pressing an electric button, which gave the darkey a sufficient shock to awaken him. Wool would immediately rise, dress himself and hasten on deck to relieve the Celt.

Two o'clock came. The moment for action had now arrived. Larry chuckled as he thought of the fun in store for him. He pressed the electric button. Listening at the cabin stairs he could hear Wool dressing. A few moments later the darkey came stumbling up the companionway. He was not more than half awake.

He had put his cap on, and the cayenne pepper was already getting in its fine work. It was sifting down through his wool and mingling with the perspiration of his face, for the night was sultry, and making rapid connection with his eyes and nose.

"Mornin', Mistur O'Grady," he said to Larry, vaguely. "Am it a fine night?"

"Yez are right it is, naygur," said Larry, almost choking with laughter.

"How am de boat, I'ish?"

"Yez had better set the wheel hard over, for the wind is changin', shure."

"All right, I'ish. Er—kerchew! Ah don' reckon Ah hab caught a cold. Ah—er—kerchew! Massey, how mah eyes do smart! Um—ah—er—kerchew! Kerchew! Ah hab catched a berry bad—er—kerchew!—cold, I'ish."

"Bejabbers, I should say yez have!" exclaimed Larry, solemnly. "If I were ye, I'd change that wheel roight quick, and then set in the forward cabin where yez can't get a draft."

"Ah done fink Ah hab my deffer cold," replied Wool. "Neber had such a cold befoah—ah—er—kerchew!"

He went aft, laid his hands on the spokes of the wheel, and turned it. This was all very well, but when he attempted to remove them—lo! they were stuck fast to the spokes.

Every moment the cayenne pepper was getting in its fine work, gagging and wheezing him. For a moment he was astounded.

But a little of this experience was sufficient to wake him up, and then an inkling of the truth dawned upon him. And a madder darkey the moon never shone upon.

CHAPTER XI.

UNDER THE PACIFIC.

"Dis am yo' wo'k, yo' good-fo'-nuffin' I'ish loafah!" he exploded furiously. "Ah done break yo'—kerchew—haid fo' dis. Er—kerchew! kerchew! kerchew! Ah'se done dyin', for suah! Ah—er—kerchew! kerchew! Shut off dat current, yo'—kerchew! kerchew!—yo' good-fo'—nuffin white trash—kerchew!—Ah done—kerchew!—kill yo' if yo' don't, yo'—ah—ah—ah—kerchew—kerchew—kerchew!"

But Larry was too convulsed with laughter to heed any appeal for mercy. He was getting hunk with his joking colleague in royal shape, and could not see the logic of showing mercy.

"Phat's the matter wid ye, naygur?" he cried. "Sure, can't yez break away aisy enough?"

Wool never dreamed of the true cause of his agonizing influenza. He understood well enough the trick of the electrified spokes in the wheel, but he never dreamed that his smarting eyes and watery nose were due to anything but a severe cold. But the agony and pain he suffered was hardly to be expressed in words. The pain and torture was something almost unbearable, yet he was forced to stand it.

Finally, being unable to bear the pain any longer, he began to rave and yell at the top of his voice. Of course, this brought Harry and Frank out of their bunks. They rushed excitedly up on deck, and both were sure the boat was on fire, or that some terrible catastrophe had happened.

Larry saw that his little joke had gone too far and instantly shut off the current. Wool, released from his imprisonment, gave a howl of rage and started for his tormentor. Like a thunderbolt he rushed across the deck.

A man who had just sprung up the cabin stairs was in his path, and in a moment he was upon him, for he believed it was Larry. Both rolled down the stairs like logs, and Lieutenant Ashton (for he it was) yelled in amazement.

"Hold on there! What the devil ails you? Are you crazy? Let loose of me, I say!"

"Oh, lordy massey!" gasped Wool, scrambling to his feet. "Ah's made an orful mistake—kerchew! Ah done fought yo' was Larry, sah—kerchew! Ah's got an orful cold. Kerchew!"

"A cold!" roared Frank. "I should say you have—um—kerchew—kerchew—a—kerchew—kerchew! What—kerchew——"

"Yes, sah! Um—kerchew—uh—kerchoo!"

"What the devil—ah—er—er—kerchew—kerchew—kerchew!—have you got about you? Kerchew—er—er—er—kerchew — er—kerchew—kerchew—kerchew! You black rascal—er—er—er—kerchew—you're loaded down with red pepper, I tell you, and—ah—er—er—kerchew—kerchew!"

Frank and the darkey had a regular sneezing fit. Then Wool passed his hand over his face and felt a gritty substance. He snatched off his cap and a fine powder flew from it. He then comprehended the situation instantly.

"Fo' de lan' sakes! Er—kerchew! It am peppah fo' suah! Kerchoo-oo-oo! Ah done know it am—a—kerchew!—de work ob dat no-'count I'ishman! Um—ah—er—er—er—kerchew—kerchew—kerchew! Jist lemme git hold ob him fo' a minnet!" exploded Wool.

Larry had retreated to the pilothouse and barred the door. Frank saw the two had been skylarking and was disposed to treat the matter in a jovial way. So he began to laugh. But just at that moment Harry appeared and exclaimed sternly::

"Here, you, Larry and Wool, haven't I forbidden this sort of thing? Haven't you sense enough to keep still of nights, and let others sleep? What are you up to, anyway? What do you mean by rousing us up this time of night?"

"Those chaps about kill me!" exclaimed Frank, after he had his laugh out. "They are up to high jinks all the time, both day and night."

"Yes," growled Harry, "and they need a bit of discipline, too!"

Then, as Frank described the affair, he laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks.

"Well," he said, "they are bound to have some fun, anyway, I suppose. What a beautiful night it is!"

"To be sure. The sea is just like glass."

Then Frank paused. He clutched Harry's arm, and pointed to the eastward, while with a quick short breath, he exclaimed:

"On my word! Do you see that, Harry?"

Harry did see it. Far out upon the silvery expanse of water was a long, dark object which looked like a floating wreck with hull up. But suddenly, as they gazed, a spout of water rose up in the air, and they knew what it meant.

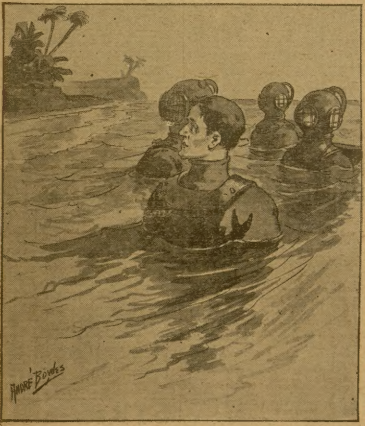
"The Sea Devil!" exclaimed Harry.

"That's just what it is!"

"Once more we have a chance."

"We are in luck."

"It is fate! How lucky we were called on



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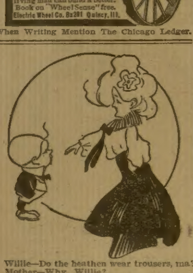

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deck! I forgive those rascals, Larry and Wool. Quick—turn on the searchlight!"

Harry sprang to the pilothouse door. Larry unbarred it and turned on the searchlight.

"Be me soul, will yez attack it, Misther Harry?" Larry exclaimed.

"Yes, of course!" replied Harry. "Wool, a shell—quick!"

"Yes, sah!" replied Wool, as he darted below.

Harry started the air pump going, while Larry pressed several electric buttons, which caused every door and window to become hermetically sealed and also started the air generators.

In a few moments Wool returned with a shell, which Harry placed in the electric dynamite gun ready for use. Then he charged the hull with electricity and said:

"Frank, you are the better gunner of the two, and, being familiar with the mechanism of the gun, I want you to act as gunner."

"With pleasure, Harry," replied Frank, as he stepped forward and took his place at the gun.

Harry turned the prow of the submarine boat toward the monster. Straight toward the Sea Devil sped the submarine boat. Harry grasped the wheel tightly, while Frank was aiming the gun. The Sea Devil was but a short distance away now, and Harry said:

"You had better fire, Frank!"

There was a hard puff from the gun, and—— What followed in the next few seconds was ever a vague memory to the voyagers. It seemed as if the boat was seized, and pounded, and twisted, and hurled. The waves surged over it, but as quickly all was over, and the submarine boat floated on the moonlit sea.

Not twenty yards distant lay an immovable, drifting mass. Its silver line of belly was turned upward. The flash of the searchlight told the story. The hunt for the Sea Devil was at an end. At last the game had been run down.

The deadly dynamite shell had done its work well, and the monster was dead. No more the commerce of four oceans need dread the terrible Sea Devil. For a moment the voyagers were silent. Then Frank cried:

"Hurrah! We have won!"

But almost at the same moment Harry felt a thrill of horror. He felt a peculiar motion of the boat.

"Yes, we have won!" he said. "But at the cost of our lives, I fear!"

Larry and Frank turned white, and Wool's eyes rolled.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Frank.

"Do you hear that rush of water?"

"Yes! What does it mean?"

"I fear that the death blow given us by the Sea Devil's tail has smashed the reservoir. If it has we are lost!"

"My god! We are sinking now!"

Harry tried to work the reservoir, but in vain. The next moment the submarine boat plunged beneath the waves. Down she sank to the bottom of the sea. In vain Harry tried to raise her. It was plain the reservoir had sustained an injury. How extensive this was, or whether it could be repaired or not, was a question. Harry went quickly down into the hold, and it required but a brief examination for him to know the truth.

He came up slowly.

"I fear we are lost!" he said. "The reservoir is crushed in. There is no danger of the water coming into the cabin, but we are buried under water!"

"Howly Saint Patrick, that's awful, Misther Harry!"

"Am dere any way of raisin' de boat, Marse Harry?"

"None whatever!"

"Then we have given our lives to rid the seas of that monster!"

"Yes."

"But who will ever know of it? Our fate shall remain unwritten and untold!"

"Yes. It looks that way."

"Oh, my God!" groaned Frank. "Think of my pretty little sweetheart at home, Harry! She will wait for years for me, who will never return. Think of my poor old mother, who is dependent on me for her daily bread. What will she do when my scant savings are gone and there is—is no one to protect her from want? Oh, God! to think of her in the poorhouse or begging for her bread from door to door, while I am lying dead here beneath the sea! We must escape, Harry! We shall escape this living grave!"

"We will at least try," said Harry. He went into the cabin and commenced studying his chart.

Despondency rested upon the crew of the sunken boat. They were all young, and loved life dearly. But finally Frank joined Harry in the cabin.

"Is there positively no chance, Harry?" he asked.

The young inventor was silent for a moment. Then he said:

"There is no chance for the Ocean Terror. She must remain here forever."

"But—for us?"

"There is a ghost of a chance."

"What is it?"

Harry placed his finger on a point on the chart and said:

"As near as I can make it, that is our position. Twenty miles to the west is an atoll. Do you think we could reach it, old chum?"

"Reach it?"

"Yes."

"Why—in what manner?"

"By walking on the bottom of the sea!"

The young lieutenant was astounded. For a moment he could not answer.

"You mean to travel that far in diving suits?" he finally asked.

"That is what I mean, exactly!" replied Harry.

"Why, I am willing to risk anything. But——"

"What?"

"The chances!"

"The chances are only a modification of the certainty. If we stay here with the Ocean Terror it means death. To leave here it means death with one chance in ten of gaining the islands."

"If we can make the walk, what are the chances of reaching the island?"

"Not of the best. We are not able to take as exact bearings as necessary. At best, it would be guesswork. By this chart the atoll is due west of us."

"And if we do not follow the exact course——"

"Then we would pass by or around the atoll. That would mean that we would be likely to be lost at the bottom of the Pacific!"

"It would be a desperate chance! We could hardly hope to eat while under the water?"

"No. We must make the twenty miles without food or drink!"

"Yet, if we were sure of striking the atoll——"

"We could certainly do it. At least we will make the trial!"

"You have decided?"

"Yes!"

Frank gripped Harry's hand.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "I am with you, old chum. We can no more than die, anyhow!"

"That is true!" replied Harry.

This very remarkable story of perils and adventures while in pursuit of a monster of the deep will be continued in next week's Ledger. Each subscriber to this paper is entitled to our free cameras and patterns as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

The Baby Described.

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"The morning caller, nonoday crawler and midnight brawler."

"The only precious possession that never excites envy."

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Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucorrhœa, Displacements, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It is a simple, harmless lotion that can be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it free to every suffering sister who writes to me. Address Mrs. A. Hudnut, South Bend, Indiana.

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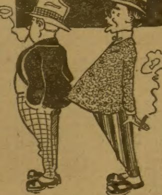

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Joggler—I guess you can say the same thing about dying.

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Simkins—My brother met with a serious accident yesterday. He was blown up.

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After the last man had been taken down the line, Judge Mohler solemnly arraigned himself and entered a plea of guilty. Turning to the clerk, he said: "Mr. Clerk, enter the same fine and costs against J. G. Mohler and let him stand committed until the fine and costs are paid."

And he immediately handed to the clerk the amount of the fine and costs, and as he walked down from the bench he remarked to one of his victims: "Bill, that was your money I paid that fine with."

In Ancient Days.

Cleopatra had just called for an adder.

"I wish we lived in future ages," said the court jester.

"Why so?" asked the page.

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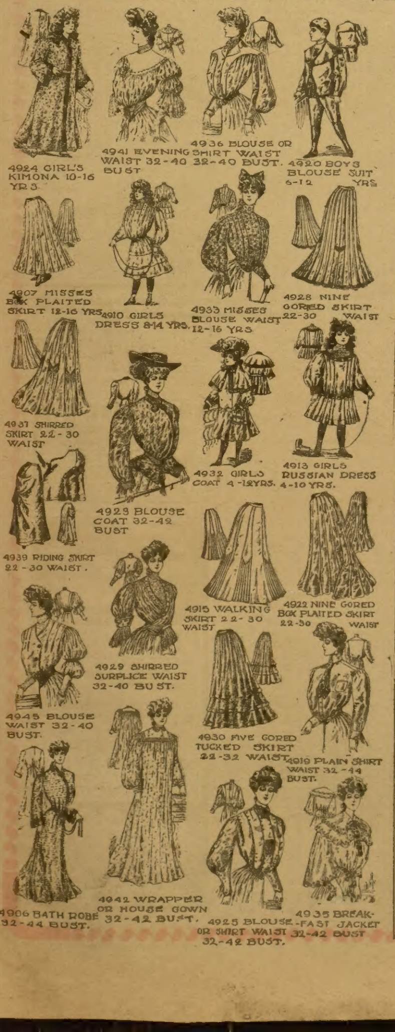
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4931 SHIRRED SKIRT 22-30 WAIST
4932 GIRLS COAT 4-12YRS.
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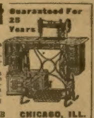

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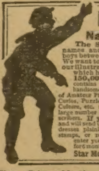

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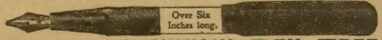
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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

BILLY THINKS.

There is a drawback to the feast—
That is, it strikes me so, at least,
No matter how a fellow tries
He can't eat all that meets his eyes;
And though he still has appetite
He cannot take another bite.
Now I just think it would be good
If on this day a fellow could
Be made of rubber, so that he
Could stretch a little bit, you see.

Nature Study.

"Dear me!" exclaimed mother, one Sunday morning. "I'm afraid we're all out of pepper, and I forgot to order any yesterday."

"Never mind," said Uncle Dick, "we'll send Tommy and Elizabeth out in the woods to get some after breakfast."

"Pepper in the woods!" exclaimed Elizabeth, incredulously; "we always get ours at the store."

"He's only joking, goosie," said Tommy, with a masculinely superior air. "I s'pose you mean pepper grass, Uncle Dick?"

"No," said Uncle Dick. "I don't mean pepper grass. I mean pepper that comes in little round boxes and is sprinkled out through a hole in the top. Come over to the woods with me and I'll show you."

It was now Tommy's turn to be mystified. "I don't believe it's really, truly pepper," he remarked, skeptically.

Both children, however, hurried into hats and coats to go with Uncle Dick.

Upon arriving in the woods Uncle Dick began walking very slowly, with his eyes intently fixed upon the ground.

"Here we are," he at length exclaimed, pointing to some odd, brown object. "I know I had seen them near this old stump."

"Is that all?" asked Elizabeth, disappointedly. "Why, they're only puff balls."

"They're not exactly like puff balls," said Tommy. "Puff balls don't have this sort of star-shaped outer coat."

"No, and that is what gives them their common name of earth stars. Look! Here is one that hasn't rolled back yet. It looks like an ordinary puff, and here's another with the outer covering completely turned under, and you can find many others halfway between."

"What's the use of that outer coat?" asked Tommy.

"Simply to help scatter the spores or black dust from which a new crop of earthstars will spring up next year. Pinch your pepper-box, Elizabeth, and see what happens."

Elizabeth squeezed her little ball vigorously. A cloud of blackish dust blew up in her face. It came out of a small opening in the top of the inner coat.

"Every tiny article of that dust is capable of making a new earth-star," explained Uncle Dick. "Think how many hundreds you have planted."

"Is the outer coat for protection, then?" queried Tommy.

"Partly," said Uncle Dick, "and partly to scatter the spores. On damp days the outer coat bends back in a star shape. On dry days it springs back over the inner. Then the wind catches it up and away goes the ball, scattering spores as it rolls along."

LOU'S PILLOW SHAM.

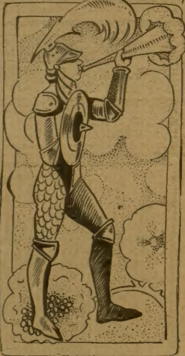
BY MARY J. SAFFORD.

"O, mamma, quick," called little Lou,
Stopping her merry play,
"And see my pretty pillow-sham
Before it creeps away."

Out mamma ran, and auntie, too,
And well they might, you'll say,
For creeping pillow-shams, we know,
Are not seen every day.

Lou stood by the piazza rail,
Watching—what do you think?
Why, just a snow-white caterpillar
With feet as black as ink.

IN THE LAND OF ONCE-UPON-A-TIME



In the land of Once-upon-a-time
Dwelt a fairy knight in a wild rose tree,
And woke the echoes every morn
With blasts of his honeysuckle horn,
And boldly slew with his trusty thorn
The fierce marauding bee

He had no worries, no fears, no foes,
No tailors to bother him 'bout his clothes,
No club bills, debts or duns had he,
But lived as happy as can be.

In the land of Once-upon-a-time
Dwelt a fairy maid of beauty rare,
Spinning away in a golden bower
The silver cobwebs hour by hour,
Or stealing dewdrops from a flower
To wave in her sunshine hair.

And she had no cares to make her blue,
For she plucked her gowns where'er they grew;
No fads or fashions or follies had she,
But lived as happy as can be

Now the fairy knight saw the fairy maid,
And he fell in love, and so would you,
And he slew the guardian dragonfly
That sometimes made the maiden cry,
And in flower beneath the sky
Most boldly did he woo.

Their honeymoon was a beautiful dream,
For they went away in a bright sunbeam
Two gleaming motes all radiant bright;
You can see them dance in the golden light.

Corrected Himself.

A downtown teacher was having the boys of her room take the different words in a sentence and compose a sentence of their own containing one of the words, says the Philadelphia Press. Every one had succeeded in making his sentence correct in every manner save one boy, who had the word driving to operate on. This is what he said:

"The little boy was drivin' the horse to the water-trough."

At this point the teacher said:

"Sammie, don't forget your 'G's.'"

"Gee," said Sammie, "the little boy was drivin' the horse to the water-trough!"

DISTINCTLY STRANGE.

John Jenkins' dog had three long tails
Which used to beat the floor like flails;
Also three ears of modern size
With which it used to wipe its eyes.
When it was anxious to be fed
It stood for hours upon its head.

What Would Happen.

"I wonder if we should tell the little savage children about Santa Claus?" said the missionary, as Christmas approached.

"No," cautioned his friend. "If we do they will expect us to distribute stockings."

Frequent Spanking.

Bobby—How much footwear do you wear out in a month, Tommy?

Tommy—Two pairs of shoes and a pair of my mother's slippers.

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This Accordeon and Self-Teaching Book and Collection of Music Does Not Cost One Cent of Your Own Money.

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